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Community Affairs File

MAX EHRMANN--BOOK I
Sept. 26, 1872- Sept. 9, 1945

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To The Soldiers

By Max Ehrmann

Welcome to you in this resplendent springtime, wearers of the coat of blue, bearers of honored scars! You are the mighty trees the storm could not uproot, the living monument of heroic days. From your faces has fled the agony of the battle field; and the anguish of parted love no more makes wet your eyes with grief's hard tears. May your meetings be filled with many olden stories, bereft of suffering by the gentle mist of memory, and made kindly toward all our country by the flight of time. Priceless will be your memory, silver-haired men of old! Palsied be the tongue that would darken the luster of your heroic past! Unforgotten is your sacrifice, the agony of the field, the muffled drum, the courage that fear could not terrify, and the faith that prison and hospital could not corrupt. The memory of your sacrifice shall be a heritage to all future generations, for love of freedom is immortal in the human breast. By the winter fire children yet unborn will read your story with glorified sadness. And your dead selves will make for patriotism and for peace. The brotherhood of man will from your memories receive a new hope, that from the earth the scourge of war be banished and love be kindled in the hearts of men. I see your columns slowly marching toward the bivouac of the stars, within whose camping ground there is no bugle call, and piercing wounds have lost their sting. When you lie still in dreamless sleep, and time and love have joined the songs of blue and gray, we will not let your memory perish. When all forgotten is the carnage of your dreadful wars, still will we not let your memory perish; for it shall be graven on the granite face of time. Welcome to you in this resplendent springtime, vanishing heroes with coats of blue!



ERRE HAUTE BARD BURSTS INTO POESY

herein He Makes "Dumb"
"me with "Yes 'Um" and
"nce" with "Pants."

137777 N.Y. Times

AN OVERALL MAKER

But Mr. Ehrmann Doesn't Let That
Fact Dwarf Genius—Local Critics
Think He Resembles Shakespeare.

The town of Terre Haute, Ind., has burst forth into joyous song, with the publication of a volume of the poems of Max Ehrmann. The author, whose verses have been praised by both Eugene Debs and Edwin Markham, is not a long-haired scribbler of stanzas, without visible means of support, but is well known throughout the State as a prosperous manufacturer of overalls. Poetic tendencies have not so far impaired the reputation for durability and general excellence of the poet's modus vivendi, so to speak.

It is not such a surprise, however, to find a citizen of Indiana struck with the divine fire when engaged in the manufacture of overalls, for was not the hero of "Regardin' Terry-Hut" a-handlin' Gibbs's churn? In this occupation he "traveled 'round the grand ole State of Indiana," returned "to settle down in a content and cuss the towns where he had went," also to "boast and strut around the streets of Terry-Hut," thereby making that city's début in the realms of poetry.

The new lyricist of Indiana has never allowed business to absorb or wholly dwarf the artistic side of his nature. Some time ago he was known as the author of "The Mystery of Madeline Le Blanch" and "A Fearsome Riddle," both published in Terre Haute, and which The Los Angeles Times said compared "in intensity to Conan Doyle, but in atmosphere give something of the impression of Frankenstein."

The first poetic achievement, however, was entitled "Breaking Home Ties," of which three local critics remarked that it reminded them, respectively, of Shakespeare, Burns, and Wordsworth, and which, according to The Terre Haute Star, has "all the qualities of clas-

With this promising beginning, the early lights of that city and its vicinity have awaited anxiously the appearance of the new volume, and Mr. Ehrmann has not disappointed them. While an earlier criticism declaring his productions to be written "simply and direct," does not apply, still the dictum which pronounced the previous detective romance to be "curiously interesting" may well be repeated for the poems:

Although in "Breaking Home Ties" the author employed "the noblest blank verse" exclusively in the new volume, there is everything from rhyme to something resembling a cross between Walt Whitman and the French prose poems, a result which surely is curiously interesting. While not known to be an advocate of simplified spelling, Mr. Ehrmann has displayed considerable independence in this respect, as well as in his use of English:

One of the first verses proclaims the poet's desire "to gladly go" his own way, which he proceeds to do by rhyming "dance" with "pants" and "waltz" with "false." Further along he experiments with "misses" and "kisses," and then rhymes "dumb" with "yes 'um." The expression "pail of fortune" is one of the striking variations from the orthodox rules of spelling.

Imaginative as original as the following is frequently employed:

Over the mellow chords of her pure heart,
The hand of bitterness
Oft now and then a tune would start.

How the hand of bitterness could start
A tune over the mellow chords of any
heart, however pure, the poet does not
explain. Since the appearance of Mr.
Ehrmann's phrase "cosmic wheeze,"
the new volume, it is quite supplanting
the use of the regular adjective "cosmic"
in the literary circles of the poet's home town.

In spite of the Whitmanesque tendencies, occasionally a highly moral note, in a quatrain entitled "At the Opera":

"Tis grand," I cried, as the song went
With music sweetly wild;
My friend replied, "You ne'er have had
The prattle of your child."

Home and mother are also sung in
poems, as for instance:

I'm home again and the room is still,
Save faintly hums the low-turned lit
An insect buzzes, now and then,
And the rain is patterng in the

In the closing stanza of this
act's buzz," and the "rock of y'

Max Ehrmann's Tribute to Eugene Victor Debs on his Fifty-fifth Birthday



ften have I sat by the evenin' lamp and read of the martyrs of old times—lovers of truth and of men, scornful of comfort and good repute. Often I stretched my hand across the past to take theirs and whispered solace to their souls. But they are dead and writhe no more from mortal blows. Their names are graven high in the house of fame; and my whispers fell silent on their soundless ears. Now would I celebrate a living lover of men. There he goes. See the tall figure, bent shoulders—this jailbird presidential candidate—thrice presidential candidate of these United States. Also ex-coalshoveler—this lover of men, hater of shams, advocate of comfort for all who work. Have you heard him speak to the people? The sounds of hell are in his voice, and his face is lit with the red fires of hell. His eyes are not blinded by custom, and fashion is no sword against his words. He builds revolutionary fires that burn the rubbish of sanctioned cruelty. Has he talked to you upon the street, or within a house—his house or yours? The voice of a woman is his, and a heart as tender. Has he called you fool? Likely you are one, placid toiler, working and not thinking. Tall figure with bent shoulders, I know your tender heart and your strong will—you who are generously loved and generously hated. I have seen you gather strength in the night, playful like a child, dreaming of a better day and a sweetier life for the children of men. I have seen you stand erect with a light in your face when all men turned their backs and night had enshrouded your cross. Never stood man more erect, the target of established malice. Your crime was that you sought to make the dreams of poets a fact among men. I have seen the scars that the teeth of greed have left upon your flesh. But I have never seen you cringe. I do not wait for history to celebrate you. I celebrate you before the history is written that will celebrate you, before the tomb has canonized you and it has become the fashion to sing your praise—you crier in the wilderness for justice and the love of men.

Max Ehrmann Tells His Own Life Story

Born 1872. Worked from 13 to 17 years of age. Entered DePauw University 1890 and graduated in 1894.

Post-graduate student in philosophy at Harvard, 1894-95 and 97-98. At Harvard edited "The Rainbow," a national college fraternity magazine. 1898 "A Farra-go," first book published. Studied law and practiced for two years. Deputy state's attorney one year. Declined nomination to the State Senate at 26. 1899 "Society and the sur-

real life of the Fittest"—lecture. 1899, "The Mystery of Madeline Le Blanc," second book published. (Six editions.) 1899, "The Pessimism of Schopenhauer"—lecture. 1900, wrote "The Animals," a play. 1901, "The Animals" produced—failed. 1901, "A Century of American Literature"—lecture. 1902, began to give public readings from his works and continued occasional public readings throughout the United States. 1902, "A modern Metaphysical Doctrine"—lecture. 1903, published "A Prayer" (many editions). 1904, published "Breaking Home Ties," a third book. 1905, "Breaking Home Ties" set to music by Krull in Berlin. 1906, public readings of "Breaking Home Ties." 1906, published "A Prayer and Selections," fourth book. 1906, published "Poems," fifth book. 1907, "Some Canons of Art"—lecture. 1907, published "Who Entereth Here and Selections," sixth book. 1910, elected a member of the Authors' Club of London. The volume now published is a complete collection of the shorter prose and verse poems, including "The Light of the Sun."

"I never have desired the reputation of being a poet, I would rather be known as a servant of men. If I have written poetry, it was in the hope that I might help at least a little to soften the hard places in life, to arouse the slumbering against injustice, and to

make more clear the possibility of the brotherhood of man. It is a beautiful world, but not well organized. Let every one, therefore, lift his voice for justice. In my imperfect way I have lifted mine; and the hope of a better and sweeter life has been the purport of my songs"—From lecture on "Some Canons of Art."

The part of the volume that best reflects the author as his friends know him is "The Book of Rebellion." This is a rare collection, mostly in blank verse, which is a favorite form of the writer. Some of the ideas are advanced and even bold in the light of present day prudery. The poet has painted a faithful picture of humanity and given each a personal touch. Half concealed there is an appeal to people to be natural and live better lives. The conditions brought out are every day happenings in the streets, in business and social life and the lesson easily can be read.

On the Shores of the Sky, In the Gloaming and the Night, In the Garden of Love, The Crowded World, Tales, Prayers and Confessional, are the other groupings of poems and sketches. The prayers contain the rare bit of work that won the author world wide recognition and other new offerings. Some are in style similar to the first prayer, while others in verse. In each there is an outpouring of soul for more light, sunshine in life and truth in action that will leave happiness and beautiful memories.

It is easy to believe that in his new volume of poems Mr. Ehrmann has given his best work for seven years. Stylists may not approve and his frankness may provoke censure from some persons who would avoid knowledge of worldliness. But Ehrmann could be nothing if not natural, and his treatment of life and the power that moves men and women must be accepted as truthful.

Mr. Ehrmann's publishers, the Dodge Publishing Company of New York, have put out an attractive volume for the author's work. The books already have noted a demand which assures the most extensive circulation of anything yet done by Mr. Ehrmann.

is expected to banish the "noise of the world." The author does not enlighten us as to whether the insect was a mosquito or a June-bug.

Occasionally Mr. Ehrmann borrows his inspiration from other poets. He gives a version of Villon's famous inquiry as to the whereabouts of the snows of yester-year, only he asks after the "loves of other years," and no mention whatever is made of F. Villon. There is also an Indiana rendering of Kingsley's request that Mary should call the cattle home, appearing as "Upon Neponset's Shore."

These are stanzas in a portion of the book called "In the Gardens of Amour," wherein, considering that the author is a confirmed bachelor, he displays the most sympathy for all unmarried folk. His feelings are particularly touched by the vision of lonesome ladies, all of whom apparently have missed their mates. One wails pathetically, "Am I not worthy? Have I not been good?" while another asks, "Am I not meek?"

Apparently both the Man from Home and the Gentleman from Indiana ought both to go right straight back there where they would be so much appreciated.

Amid these bits of poesy one finds a quatrain written as a motto for the overall factory:

'Tis great to dream,
Though one should be a shirker;
But greater far,
To dream and be a worker.

MAX EHRMANN'S POEMS.

MAX EHRMANN'S POEMS are being widely noticed.

In commenting on the book, the Buffalo Courier said, "It shows a deep vein of undeniable genius."

The Baltimore American says: "Mr. Ehrmann has shown himself to be a master of the technique of verse."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer pronounced the book "remarkable," and in part, "fiercely iconoclastic."

The Seattle Times says: "In this book of poems Mr. Ehrmann shows considerable versatility. Besides showing in his love poems that he is a true student of the human heart, the last poem in the book, "The Task," is an almost savage attack upon the atrocities of accumulated wealth. Here he has painted the pictures of despair, and sounded the cries of the human heart in a way they have not been often done before."

A notable book.—Kansas City Star.

Originality is the most notable feature.—Detroit News.

The author never misses his point.—Minneapolis Journal.

Some choice particulars of fact and fancy.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Max Ehrmann's Poems are too well known to need a laudatory introduction.—St. Louis Republic.

"On the Mountain Top" and "A Letter to a Solitary," are classics of their kind, simple, beautiful and straight from the serious part of one's experience. There is a largeness about this volume, a sweep of expression that covers a wide range of experience, and life is here viewed as from a great eminence.—Scranton Times.

The spirit is wholesome and the philosophy sound.—Indianapolis Star.

Judging from the above, and many other press notices Mr. Ehrmann's last book is destined to a high place in contemporary literature.

← See preceding page (2)

By Guy Bogart.

The keynote of the real "women's rights" question is touched with master hand in Max Ehrmann's new play, "The Wife of Marobius," placed on sale throughout the United States and England last week. The book is being eagerly read, not only by Mr. Ehrmann's Terre Haute admirers, but is creating much comment among critical writers who have examined the book.

"The Wife of Marobius" is the strongest plea for the rights of a woman to be loved for her own sake alone, aside from the degrading and cheapening prostitution of offering her tender flesh in exchange for the necessities of human life. The poet deals fearlessly and plainly with this important subject, yet in a beautiful and delicate style in harmony with the sanctity of the subject.

The original technique of the book—a blank verse play of but one act and three characters—is something unique in literature. As a play dealing with problems of society the play ranks with the strongest produced within the last generation, and if the negotiations of the publishers to have the play produced are successful it should prove as popular as "The Servant in the House" or "The Melting Pot."

The book marks the highest development of the growing literary skill of Max Ehrmann and the universal theme is handled in a manner which provokes healthful thought and will mark an epoch in the literature for the freeing of womanhood from the lingering traces of the time when she was the plaything and slave of the husband bought to do his drudgery and satisfy the bestial passions of his lust.

The entire scene is laid in the antechamber of Claudia, the wife of the Roman general, Marobius. The time is 58 B.C. The wildly barbaric splendor of the gilded cage, wherein the young wife has been trapped, forms a picturesque setting for the play. The magnificence and splendor of the setting, with the golden lamps, rich tapestries and jewels represent Roman opulence at the height of its sensual development.

But one other character than the married couple is introduced, Lydia, an old nurse of Claudia.

"The Wife of Marobius" grew largely out of the thought of the poet in writing the "Portraits of Women," and those who read those delightful poems last year will welcome the broader unfoldment of the theme. The first of that series, "Her Acceptance," particularly foreshadows the theme of the latest production, especially in the closing lines:

"At this great cost you pay for me, and I should deny you nothing at this price. And through the ages women somehow

By history taught, that they must yield themselves. This is the thing they give for the price men pay. Although it often be a gift of shame. And I have known some in this commerce long, returning every piece of gold they cost flesh."

Dear heart, with us let it be otherwise; And though you pay for me this bitter price.

Let us both be owners of ourselves,

And never touch save out of love."

The yearning of the woman who thought you loved my soul," only to find the bitter disappointment in the real character of her husband, crys out in the couplet expressing the central thought of the play:

"Love but my soul, the part of me not flesh,"

And you shall see my body run to you."

The timid, nervous shrinking of the outraged wife, whose tender spirit breaks at last, is vividly shown by the poet, as she walks the floor momentarily dreading the disgusting martial approach of the man who loved but her body.

"Always of my body, but not my soul, you speak."

"Do I not love you?" asks the fiery husband, to which she makes sad response:

"You love my body. You love the pleasure that I give to you. When you are calm you have no need of me."

And day and night I meditate alone. Then in a frenzied heat you came to me; And I but live to feed your maddened fire. I am a sea your storm-winds beat upon. I am the withered leaves your flames consume.

Your love is fire and straining wind and storm; Like wine, it wakes to lust your dead desire."

The passionate pleadings of the husband that she yield herself, that she robe herself in her richly festooned gown that he might drink in the witchery of her form, his grasping her in his arms and smothering her outcries with hot kisses—all these scenes are depicted by the poet with a vividness which stamps his work among the leading productions of American literature. Marobius cries out in his passion:

"I'll drink you, crush you, feel your warmth on me. I cannot let you go. Be still, be still, Else will I tear your flesh and make you bleed. You are my wife; my wife shall be my wife."

The above shows, however, his low conception of a wife, and he was entirely unable to understand her pleading cry:

"With gold and bronze and pearl, Well have you paid me o'er and o'er again. For every inch of my defenseless self. By all the written laws I am your wife; And being such I am a loathed thing. My yearning soul you have not sought to buy.

I would have given it for love alone."

"What is this love of things one can-

not touch?" to which she makes reply:

"O would that I could form it into words And give it understanding in your mind! It is soft and low and sweet, and clamors not."

It is like the light of stars in quiet night. A hush and stillness of the world within. This bountiful as is the harvest time. With mellow fruit, and yields ere it is asked.

It is like gentle springtime when the earth

Of her own self, unforced, yields up the grass."

The dramatic close of the play, when, goaded to desperation, she stabbed her husband rather than submit longer to his embraces, shows the extent of her outraged feelings. But her cry is the cry of thousands of women not only of the Roman days of the Caesars, but of thousands of women today in America and in every land. Never before has prophet arisen in defense of the rights of womanhood to be loved for her own love's sake, aside from lustful considerations. The poet has polished every line of the play until it sparkles with the brightness of perfection. The theme and the style form a felicitous harmony. Terre Haute is proud that out of the sordid-

ness of its industrial life has arisen a prophet to point the way to the highest respect for womanhood—to her rights which have never been recognized fully before.

EHRMAN-MAX

PEACE SHALL LIVE

By MAX EHRMANN

The guns are still, the dead sleep on. The blind and crippled walk the streets, Bereaved hearts bright colors don. Again the pulse of factories beats; Nightmares and grimy days have fled, Forgotten are the dead.

Around the world from every land The prayers and pleadings never cease— For swords and men? Nay, heart and hand To build the dream eternal peace. Disdainfully we speak reproof; Proudly we stand aloof.

Was it indifference that sent Our sons the tides of war to stem? Through flaming fields and blood they went. Shall we not keep our faith with them Whose bodies lie on foreign leas Or toss in many seas?

The keen, cold sword the flesh will feel, If once again the world shall quake And men back to the jungle steal. O Countrymen, the hour to stake Our all is here, lest grim alarms Again shriek out, "To arms!"

A question burns within man's breast: In bloody wars shall man expire— Or by the arts of peace be blessed That lift his soul forever higher? My Countrymen, stand forth and give Your answer, "Peace shall live!"

THE STOLEN PRAYER.

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overtake me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the sadness of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and not for what little I may possess. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's golden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

MAX EHRMANN.

Ehrmann, May A WINTER PRAYER

Cold lies the lifeless earth, the birds are gone, and through the naked trees the shrill wind whistles. Though the world outside be chill and dead, may the world within us resound with gleeful songs, and the chambers of our hearts be warm with hope and love. And may many an evening's merriment, beside the hearthstone's cheerful glow, make sweet the passing time.

—Max Ehrmann.

O SWEET CONTENT

O Sweet Content! where is thy mild abode
Where I may dwell in endless peace?
Show me the much-sought road
And give the lease.

The answer came, "Then cease to vainly roam
In search of me, for thou wilt find
My quiet, hidden home
Within thy mind."

—Max Ehrmann.

CONGRESS RECORDS EHRMANN'S PRAYER

Prints "Kindly Light" as Part of
Tribute to Late Congress-
man Brick.

That Max Ehrmann's fame as a writer of beautiful things of national extent is shown by the Congressional Record of Feb. 14. Claude Bowers has been showing a speech made by Congressman Barnhardt on the occasion of the memorial services for the late Congressman Brick in the House of Representatives, which concluded with a tribute to Ehrmann and quotation from his works. The extract from the address follows:

"And as an appropriate benediction to his life and an inspiration for us, shall we all join in the humble but uplifting consecration vouchsafed to mankind by life's sanctuary in Max Ehrmann's 'Kindly Light':

"Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from the bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant

Heaps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infinity overtake me and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's golden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still!"

The speech of Congressman Barnhart, according to Mr. Bowers, who read and delivered in eulogy of Congressman Brick, was far the most beautiful and eloquent, and led up naturally to the introduction of the Ehrmann poem.

PAMPHLET FILE

THE KAISER

Starving children in many countries! Widowed young women, and old women who never again will see their sons! Millions of soldiers in the last bitter hours of mortal agony! Gnawed skulls in the slimy bottoms of many seas! The Kaiser spares his own sons, yet upon his head is the blood of ten million men. In Dante's picture of hell he has no equal. He is the brutal soul of savage beasts put into human shape, the maddened dog that learned our common speech, the viper standing upright cloaked as man. For vanity he set the world afame. Too long the crown has crazed his festered brain. Why should we not hate? It is time for hate, and sacrifice born of brooding hate! Why wait till the wounded come back? Why wait till the lists of the dead come in? Sometimes, sitting at my table in the night, suddenly I think I can hear the newsboys breaking the silence with their far away cries of "Extra! Extra!" Something tells me, "They've got him!" I listen again. The night is silent. The thing was born of the hope in my brain. But sometime it will be true! Then through all the world will go up a prayer of thanks! And through all eternity, the anguish that he wrought will terrify his outcast soul, as to and fro it wanders trembling through the pits of hell! I, the son of a German, who loved his native land but despised its government, write this.

MAX EHRENNAN,
In the New York Sun.

THE BULLET OR THE AX

I do not know what fashions of art, science, and philosophy may be in vogue in future times. But this I know: Nowhere will a nation cringe before a madman, such as the Kaiser, who has made of the earth a graveyard and a funeral pall of the soul. He is the last of his kind. He is incomprehensible. He was born of a good woman, and nursed at her breast. He was playful in childhood, and he had brothers and sisters. He had all good things given him, as if the earth were a fairyland. He grew to manhood, loved, and had children of his own. He had many beautiful gardens and stately palaces. He had every wish gratified by seventy million souls. Such a man should have become a very god of love and gratitude. Instead, he turned and cut the breasts where children drink. He often sat in a quiet woodland palace, and by a signature or a word sent hundreds of thousands of men to unspeakable agony and terrible death, yet he always spared his own sons. He murdered little children, and cut off the hands of little boys. He tortured innocent young women by tearing them from their homes and transporting them like cattle to distant lands. He wantonly burned cities that held centuries of accumulated treasures dear to the art and learning of the whole world. He dragged labor-weary old men and women from their homes and shot them. He shot thousands of prisoners because an ounce of steel cost him less than a piece of bread. In history he will consort with Nero, Tamerlane, and Ivan the Terrible—human monstrosities! I do not know what men may think in future times, but this I know: They will demand to read that he, too, felt the quick, sharp agony of violent death. And if there be made a peace that does not shed his blood, it will be a damned peace! For this America has clinched her fist. The living, the soldiers dead, posterity—all demand for him the bullet or the ax!

MAX EHRENNAN

An Eye For an Eye *Star*

BY MAX EHRMANN.

German intrigues in Russia outdo the maddest flights of the wildest romancers. The history of these intrigues from the Wiroboff-Shonckhomiloff affairs to Lenin and Trotzky some day will be written in detail. That history will tax the credulity of posterity. The German nation deliberately set to work to destroy Russia. And succeeded so well that today, through the treacherous moral idiocy of Bolshevism, Russia is in rage and bleeding from every pore.

Let this be a warning to us.

There are spies and intriguers still among us. They have important work before them. They will tell us, all winter long, in a thousand and different subtle ways, that the battle is a draw; that we cannot defeat Germany; that Germany will never have a revolution as long as we are fighting her; that it is a crime to shed more blood. In a thousand insidious ways we will be told this, because peace now or soon is the only thing that will save the lives of the human asps that for four years have been poisoning humanity. If we waver a hair's breadth in our resolution to see this war through, our children's children will disown us and posterity will write a curse by our names in history.

William II, the political dinosaur, and his horned brood must be put away with things that are past. From now on, for every city destroyed another shall be destroyed. Let it be an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. There is no choice. They have so willed it. So let it be.

German statistics show that, from 1897 to 1907, the blond beast was tried in court for outraging 93,813 of his own women—an average of 9,381 per year. If the blond beast did that to his own women in peace times, what has he not done to the daughters of our allies in war times!

The sting of war must be carried to his hearthstone. It shall be war to the death. Not for revenge; but that the blond beast may rise up from the bloody mire of his own defeat a beast no longer. This is the soldiers' task. And the civilians' task is to stand behind the soldier.

Are you with us or against us? If you are with us, lend money to the government. If you are against us, may your conscience crucify you—should your fellow citizens overlook the task.

PAMPHLET FILE

TO HAVELOCK ELLIS

I WALKED IN darkness on an unknown way,
Bearing a burden like a funeral pall,
Afraid lest by some hapless step I fall,
And, burden sore, by roadside hedge, decay,
Moreover, not a word dared I to say
About the thing I bore; yet I saw all
Who passeth me bearing burdens great and small,
Such as the leech-like load that on me lay.
Then in the troubled, burden-bearing night,
One crossed my path, a torch was in his hand;
And from its light I came to understand
The burden that I bore was naught of shame,
But happy gift of God. For this clear light,
With me forever fair shall be his fame.

MAX EHRMANN.

By courtesy of the Birth Control Review.

Max Ehrmann's New Book Published—

"Jesus: A Passion Play," by Max Ehrmann, Terre Haute author, is now being printed by Mr. Ehrmann's New York publishers. This play covers the last three days in the life of Christ. There are five acts, fifty-two characters and several mobs. The characters are all plain, simple Hebrews of nineteen hundred years ago.

Mr. Ehrmann gave copies to a few of his Terre Haute friends. The Rev. L. Curtis Talmage, who was furnished one of the advance editions, has reviewed it for *The Spectator*. Mr. Talmage gives his impressions of the play as follows:

"To present an actual physical characterization of Jesus upon the stage has not been ventured upon by even the most daring of modern dramatists. Authors have been content, and wisely I think, to merely suggest the spirit of Jesus in one of the characters as is done in 'The Servant in the House,' or in 'The Third Floor Back.' Only in strictly religious productions, as the one produced by the people of Oberammagau, are we asked to look upon a flesh and blood characterization of Jesus. Running counter to this universal dramatic reserve and sense of fitness is 'Jesus: A Passion Play' by our own gifted Max Ehrmann; but inasmuch as the title relates the work to the classical forms of religious productions produced by the devout in the name and under the sanction of the church we may not justly treat the work from a purely dramatic point of view.

"It is well to know the moral purpose with which Mr. Ehrmann writes before undertaking to read his book in which, of course, one finds the successful attempt to make the book a vehicle for his personal theories. The author states his purposes thus: 'The persons who founded Christianity are here stripped of supernatural embellishment; and they are represented as simple, real, ardent orientals in the throes of a great and impending tragedy.' That the author keeps his purpose in mind there can be no doubt; indeed it so engrosses his mind that he appears to miss some fine material that lay ready at hand for the making of a really great book.

"So completely is the character of Jesus stripped that naught but the merest fragments of a man is left. The resulting character which our author presents as the human Jesus would not have caused so much as a ripple on the surface of even such volatile people as the citizens of ancient Jer-

usalem. He is upon the whole a passive instrument played upon by every vagrant breeze that blew upon him. The Jesus as here presented would never have met with a felon's death so lacking is the characterization in the qualities of virile initiative; that quality we ever look for in the life of a great leader. The psychopathic invalid presented as the real founder of Christianity creates in the reader's mind visions of a well ordered sanitarium, and never the possibility of a cross.

"In contrast to the character of Jesus the author presents us a living, forceful characterization of Judas. Here there is life and action even though the action leads to the utter ruin of all the hopes in the heart of Judas. To 'await occasions, hurry never' was not a part of this man's philosophy; rather he loved the acted word, and was ever on the road to greet the possible occasion.

"From out of the multitude of other characters I would choose in order of careful drawing Pilate; Terreno, the Captain of the Roman guard; Mary Magdalene, Joseph the Arimathean.

"We have in the earlier productions of Mr. Ehrmann come to regard him as essentially a poet, and hence feel a real loss when in 'Jesus: A Passion Play,' there is not the deep vein of poetry which the subject matter warrants us to expect. In leaving his natural field to take up a thesis production built on ultra critical theological scholarship, both the author and the reader are the losers.

"The 'Play' is divided into five portions or acts, thus:

"Act I—The cleansing of the Temple.

"Act II—Disputations in the Temple.

"Act III—Gethsemane.

"Act IV—The trial before Pilate.

"Act V—The Resurrection.

"In point of dramatic interest the fourth and fifth acts stand out in strong contrast to the preceding ones, the action in all being slow.

"That such writings as this last book of Mr. Ehrmann's should appear at this time is an interesting religious exhibit; but that society or the individual is to be shaken loose from the present day liberal interpretation of the life of Jesus and related either in form or spirit to a personality on the lines our author lays down is as little to be expected as desired. Jesus is not a miracle. This has been conceded by thoughtful students for years. Has Mr. Ehrmann never related his evolutionary philosophy to the character of Jesus who appeared in 'the fulness of time?' At the time of Jesus, Palestine was anything but a dying people, and Jesus appeared upon the stock when it was full of sap. Much in the New Testament is far aside from the historic Jesus but is the mass of unauthentic material as vast as Mr. Ehrmann would have us believe? If we are to have a human Christ, then let him be perfectly human."

Ehrmann, Max

Tribute To City's Benefactors

Incidental to exercises held Friday at the site of the Rose memorial on Dresser drive in proximity to Fairbanks park, in memory of Chauncey Rose and other city benefactors, is recalled a poem written by Max Ehrmann, Terre Haute's own poet, in 1919, upon the occasion of the presentation of Fairbanks park to the city by Crawford and Edward P. Fairbanks. The tribute follows:

By Max Ehrmann.

Upon this grassy, water margined ground,
Beneath these lovely trees, that rise so high,
Will many children's voices wild resound
Till in the West the summer day shall die.

Here many a youth will whisper love sincere,
And blooming maidens blush at lovers' ways.
Here wanderers will rest and have no fear,
Ambitious youth will dream of mighty days.

The smooth and gentle river's endless flow,
The magic amber of the setting sun,
The trees through which the cooling breezes blow,
Will sooth the weary when the day is done.

Alike the young and swift, the old and slow,
The rich and poor—here all shall equal stand.
Here seaward they will watch the river flow,
Here will their human sympathy expand.

To men grown stooped and gray in after years,
This lovely place will be a hallowed spot,
When memory still the crooning river hears,
And childhood's wondrous days are unforget.

To them who gave this ground for public weal,
In war's grim days of strain and stress,
I speak the gratitude the living feel,
The thanks the yet unborn will oft express.

THE TERRE HAUTE STAR, MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1922.

lay

EHRMANN DEDICATES NEW POEM
TO GOVERNOR WARREN T. MCCRAY

Hoosier Writer
Presents Work
To Native State

Terre Haute Poet and Dramatist
Makes His Latest Production
Gift to People of Indiana.

Max Ehrmann, Terre Haute poet and dramatist, has dedicated his latest production, "Indiana," to Governor Warren T. McCray. Mr. Ehrmann was in Indianapolis recently as a representative of the Paul Dresser Memorial association, and after his consultation with the governor on the memorial project read to Mr. McCray the poem he wrote during a brief holiday visit at Turkey Run.

The governor was so cordial in his appreciation of the poem that he asked and was granted by the author permission to quote from it in his public addresses previous to the formal publication. Mr. Ehrmann presented the governor with an original copy and said he would be honored if permission was granted to dedicate his work to the governor.

Indiana Anniversary Gift

In giving his work to the governor and the people of Indiana Mr. Ehrmann suggested that it be published today, the anniversary of the admission of the state of Indiana into the sisterhood of states. The author asked The Star to send the poem to the editors of the daily press of Indiana for publication on Indiana day.

Mr. Ehrmann is a native of Terre Haute. He has gained wide recognition as a poet and dramatist. While he was away from home during his college work and has had temporary residence away from Terre Haute at brief periods, he always has held himself a resident of Terre Haute. He insists that his greatest inspiration is in and about his home city.

In appreciation of honorary membership conferred on him by the Kiwanis club, Mr. Ehrmann gave to his native city his poem "Terre Haute." The new production may be considered a companion work. It was inspired by his love for and belief in the people and institutions of his state.

PAMPHLET FILE

INDIANA

(Dedicated to Governor Warren T. McCray.)

By Max Ehrmann

The pioneers lie in their earthen beds.
Still show their faith and brawn to do and dare,
In cities that lift high their lofty heads,
In pleasant towns that prosper everywhere.

What sturdy men have plowed these fertile fields,
Here in this land where pleasant rivers run—
Where wayside flowers, forests, harvest yields
Are nursed by never-failing rain and sun!

A toiling, peaceful life this people leads,
Not moved by red rebellion's scarlet leer,
Nor whirlwinds shouting out sophomoric creeds.
The world's turmoils touch us but lightly here.

If in some future time our country fall
On rocks of evil days, this middle land
Will lift her up, her sanity recall,
And bind her wounds as with a mother's hand.

For here we know no sections, east or west,
Or north or south. Here are the people bound
By many sacred ties to all the rest.
Here is the heartbeat of the nation sound.

Dear Indiana, always, as of old,
Keep thou thy soul unsullied as the sea,
Despising tyrants, whether mobs or gold—
Compassionate mother of a people free.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, OCTOBER 22, 1934

Ehrmann - 1924

MOTHER

PAMPHLE

by MAX EHRMANN

*Do I but dream, or do I look on thee
Once more? 'Tis thou, my eyes do not deceive.
Again thou whisperest through the years to me,
I feel the pressure of thy lips at eve.
Again thy kindly, smiling eyes I see;
And bear sweet counsel that I should not grieve;
My hand in thine at twilight time as we
Talk low, and I thy sweet caress receive.
Yet oft I see thy face with sorrow wrung,
Until, confused, I sometimes scarce believe
That I still dream. Thy friends when thou wast young,*

*Thine own great hopes, thy cheer and laughter free
In some weird way are strangely haunting me.
Thou mother of my childhood's pleasant days,
Still whispering courage and dispelling fears
In sun-bit hours or quiet moonlight rays,
Art thou a dream come from my younger years?
Or dost thou really walk along the ways
And know my triumphs, or the inner tears
That cease when thou dost close beside me seem?
Let me sleep on, dear God, if I but dream!*

BY LITERATURE

A Delightful Occasion

The Christmas party given by the Literature Department on Saturday, December 14, to honor our local poet, Max Ehrmann, was a very delightful affair. The Club House, in its holiday attire, was never more attractive. The fact that there were more guests in attendance than the Club House could accommodate comfortably was evidence that the honor guest has many friends and admirers among his fellow townsmen. Mr. Ehrmann was quite the center of attraction and spent all the available time in reminiscing with old friends and making new ones.

Mrs. Steele, Chairman of the Literature Department, presided during the luncheon. Our president, Mrs. Stimson, extended a most cordial welcome to everyone present and particularly to the honor guest. A few words of appreciation of our Terre Haute poet were spoken by Mrs. C. E. Weston, chairman of the Hospitality Committee of the Literature Department; Mrs. H. A. Huntington, chairman of the program committee of the Literature Department; and Mr. Morton Hayman, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. E. E. Ramsey, general program chairman, gave the final fitting tribute to Mr. Ehrmann in the form of a toast, "to poetry and The Poet," after which all drank to the health of our guest of honor.

The program for the afternoon had been arranged under the supervision of Mr. Ehrmann and was read by Miss Muriel Mattox. Miss Mattox read the entire program with an accuracy of interpretation and a depth of feeling which will make each of the poems live long in our memories. The Ulmer trio,

consisting of Mrs. Ulmer, Mrs. Arthur Hill, and Mrs. Victor Miller, added much to the program by playing the musical accompaniment for several of the selections.

Following a brief biographical sketch, the program included the following selections from Mr. Ehrmann's writings: from Portraits of Women: "Her Answer," "To Her Husband"; from The Crowded World: "Two Women", "And Each Passed On"; from In the Garden of Love, "While a Season Changed"; other selections: "The Awakening", "A Woman Rocking Her Child", and "Desiderata".

In reading "A Woman Rocking Her Child," Miss Mattox was assisted by Prof. Robert W. Masters and the Ulmer trio. This poem contains a supremely beautiful thought and was beautifully given. One critic says of such poems as "The Awakening" and "Desiderata": "Once read they will be read over and over again. They are full of love and wonder of God's world, of sweetness and light. They are helpful, hopeful, optimistic—many of them worthy to be illuminated and hung on the wall for daily companionship"

Perhaps the following quotation from the poet himself will be the most appropriate closing for this account as it so accurately expresses Max Ehrmann's attitude toward his life's work: "I would rather live plainly and be the author of some bit of chaste prose that should abide amidst the perpetual flux than to live luxuriously on the returns of innumerable volumes of merely commercial fiction"

Parable of the Ship and the Sea.

BROTHER, why do we contend and injure one another?

We all are here together on this ship, that tosses about in an apparently limitless sea. Isolated in dark and silent waters, the ship appears to be voyaging somewhere. We do not know where the ship came from; but we know a little of its recent voyagings.

We know nothing of what port, if any, the ship is making for. We are huddled here together, some below, some on the decks. We see lights dotting the sea.

But none of us ever has seen another ship of people, of whom we might ask questions, such as, where their ship had been, and what they had learned of the sea, and if there were shores—perhaps beautiful shores—or if the sea was all that there is.

Lonely, mysteriously, our ship moves on. Does it know where it is going? Is there somewhere a pilot? Are there other ships going to a common port? We are lonely in the vast sea.

Brother, why do we contend and injure one another?

MAX EHRMANN.

THURSDAY
10/23/38

Have You Heard About This?

By GERTRUDE CRONIN.

ALL TERRE HAUTEANS should be better acquainted with Max Ehrmann's poem, "Terre Haute." James Whitcomb Riley at one time loaned his pen to the many graces of our fair city, and said something about Gene Debs standing there holding out in his two hands a heart as big 'ez ever beat, twixt this fair land and judgement seat. Mr. Ehrmann, however, is more specific, and anyone who knows Terre Haute knows how true his graceful allusions to her charms really are.

Terre Haute has been done into poetry by Paul Dresser, of course; by William Herschell, the inexhaustable fountain of poetry on the Indianapolis News; Henry Burton, who year sago snote the lyre on the Terre Haute papers, and by Mrs. Newell in her recent volume of verse. Mr. Dresser's epic on the sycamores and the new mown hay contemplated the Wabash, chiefly, but is much associated with Terre Haute herself. There is a legend that Riley's

MR. EHRMANN poem on Terre Haute was first revealed the night he spoke here with George W. Cable, and Mr. Debs introduced the pair.

The poem was used on the dedicatory program of the Mayflower room at the Terre Haute House. This column asked for the privilege of reproducing it, and with Mr. Ehrmann's generous consent, here it is:

TERRE HAUTE.

What place is lovelier than Terre Haute:

The foliage of her many trees,
That trembles as the cooling breezes float
Across the grain fields' yellow seas!

The gentle river that caressing sings
Past shop and mill and waving corn,
Each day some happy inspiration brings:
Each day a thousand hopes are born.

Here workers wead their way to pleasant homes;
And students spend romantic days.
Here lofty spires and gilded domes
Reach up to touch the sun's first rays.

Here many a youth and maid their faith have kept,
Labored, lived happily, grown gray.
Here bolder ones with keener eyes have crept
To paths where fame and fortune lay.

Vast growing fields and treasures in the ground.
Art, learning, too, here find abode;
And many a forward-looking son has found
The gifts the gods have here bestowed.

What various aspirations man pursues!
It matters not what visions lure,
Here may ambition all its talent use;
Here is the world in miniature.

Max Ehrmann.

Ehrmann, Max

TERRE HAUTE SUN

Among The Literary Folk; Some Max Ehrmann Reminiscences

Anne Cable.

We called on Max Ehrmann, our only professional author, to see what was new in his literary world.

Mr. Ehrmann said that the life of a writer is usually interesting only in the chambers of his own brain and these moments of excitement are accessible to the public in his books.

"I remember hearing Thomas Wentworth Higginson say many years ago that as one grew older one was less interesting for anything one had done, but became more interesting on account of the persons one had known. I am wondering if my case isn't something like that.

"In the last few weeks in the newspapers of the nation there have been three names that have touched my life rather closely. The United States Senate last week impeached Judge Halstead Ritter. He was judge of the district court, sitting at Miami, Fla. Judge Ritter visited Terre Haute as a boy. I remember him very well. It must have been about the year 1888. I met him in the Centenary church, where his uncle, Salem Towne, was minister. I saw him again at DePauw university, where both of us were students. It was a shock to me to read what misfortune had befallen him. He was one of the finest boys I ever knew. Through the many years intervening between our graduation and the present I heard from him occasionally. I cannot believe that he would do wrong.

"But there has been something in the literary world at large in the last 30 days which has touched me closely. Two authors now to the fore, Bliss Perry and George Santayana, have touched my life. Bliss Perry, the author of the now widely read 'And Gladly Teach' more than 20 years ago wrote some beautiful things about my book, 'Jesus: A Passion Play.' One of these sentences the publishers used for publicity. The sentence, is 'I read it with keen appreciation of its technical workmanship and its high poetic value.' This sentence, coming from so great a stylist, was very pleasing to me.

"Bliss Perry did not come to Harvard to teach until I had been gone perhaps 10 years. Bliss Perry has a great deal to say about some of my old teachers at Harvard—the now famous, Munsterberg, Royce and James. I remember Munsterberg delivering orations in broken

English on psychology. William James had a business-like air, talked rapidly and was brilliant in repartee. Royce lectured on metaphysics as if he were dictating to a stenographer. His sentences were usually so long that before the time he had all the modifications of the predicate uttered we forgot what the subject of the sentence was. William James had just published his two large volumes on psychology. I remember hearing him say one night, at the Graduate club, that he doubted if any man had the right to write so great a number of pounds of psychology.

"George Santayana taught at Harvard while I was there. His latest volume, 'The Last Puritan,' is

now being widely read. I remember only two things about Santayana, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. One day he invited me to walk out to Brookline with him. I think he and his mother lived out there. The other thing I remember is that one evening, in his rooms in the Yard, he was to entertain some of the students—I think the Philosopher conference—a coterie of post-graduate philosophical students. I remember that I went to his rooms and that Santayana and I talked for a long time and nobody else came. He had a buffet meal prepared. And as I recall we drank a little beer, ate and talked for a couple of hours. I remember only one thing he said in that long conversation.

"What would I not give to have a record of that complete conversation, not only because of what Santayana said, but to see the state of my own thinking at that time. Santayana had just published a book of poems and when he came to settle up with the Scribners he told me he owed them \$5. He had given away a few copies. These are trifling recollections. But most vividly I recall the charm of the man, affable, genial, even at that time, I am sure, ripe in scholarship.

"Perhaps the American reading public is not as low as some critics maintain. The fact that they are reading books by these two splendid authors is evidence that, if appealed to, the public relishes good writing.

"If one likes Plato, one will enjoy Santayana's 'Dialogues in Limbo.'



MAX EHRMANN.

Ehrmann, Max

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, MARCH 15, 1937.

W. D. C. Balliet

Ehrmann, Max

MY NATIVE CITY PAMPHLET

FILE

By Max Ehrmann

I.

A long walk. I have been dreaming again. My steps led me up a hill. When at the top I turned to see some cattle grazing on the wayside—and behold! my native city lay at my feet.

How silent, how small, how secluded! Like a new toy in the grass, or a nest tucked away among the trees of the surrounding valley; or—save for the lines of smoke moving slowly to the north—like a picture hanging in a gallery.

No one was near me, and only a few farmhouses stood in the distance. And I thought and dreamed of the wanderings of men amid the toy-city in the grass, of the desires and hopes that had come and passed in this nest among the trees.

I thought of my own wanderings, and remembered some sleepless hours divine with the music of the night. A thousand memories filled me with the joys of other years—memories of friends changed and gone, and of the dawning sun lighting up the nimble fancy worlds of youth.

I thought I could see the place where two lovers met in the dim past, and out of the kiss of their lips I crawled into the morning of the world—and my poems after me.

Though I did not hear their words, unforgotten is their lover's parley; for ere they knew me, it was I who moved their lips to speech in the still night.

How much history has passed within this small space of earth—perhaps of no great importance to the world, yet all important the life of each to himself!

How many have lived and toiled

and planned here—how many, tired and careworn, have lain down here to repose at night!

How many places where elegance and beauty once reigned have fallen to base uses! and how many, merry with midnight music and the dance, have been lifted into immortal joy, as if death were not!

II.

O my native city! thou knowest not how often I have thought of thee when far away. When I have wandered amid other scenes, and other men and women and children have passed by me, fondly have I thought of thee.

The cool shade of thy many trees, and the memory of the gentle river at thy margin, have been a solace to me in strange and distant places.

But thou wilt go on unconcerned as ever when I am gone into the silent land. Soon wilt thou forget that I wandered about thy streets in the shadow of thy buildings. Within thy bosom I lay as a child, have grown to manhood, and shall at last rest in dreamless sleep.

But thou, too, must pass away; and where now is trade and manufacture, God in His time will plant another forest; and it will grow, and no man will know that thou dwelt there.

On new-born branches birds will whisper songs of love, and flowered children of the wilderness will drink the sun-wine, and gloaming eve shall know the wild dove's voice, and this race of hurrying, contentious men shall lie—oh! so still under the grass.

So, too, all things shall pass away—I, thou, country, earth, solar systems.

What remains?

God.

Ehrmann, Max

2

LITERARY HONORS FOR MAX EHRMANN

Degree of Doctor of Letters Con-
ferred On Terre Haute Poet

By DePauw.

Max Ehrmann, Terre Haute, well-known Hoosier writer and poet, received the honorary degree of doctor of letters at DePauw University's commencement exercises this morning. This was DePauw's 99th commencement and its 101st anniversary. In all its history only 10 of these degrees had been granted prior to Dr. Ehrmann's award.

Mr. Ehrmann is a graduate of DePauw with the class of 1894. He did graduate work in philosophy at Harvard University. He embarked upon his writing career after leaving Harvard and has published a large number of books, poems and sketches. He was chosen by DePauw to write an ode on the university's centennial celebration which was held last year. The ode was read for the first time at the centennial chapel exercises last June by Prof. Dewey Annakin of Indiana State Teachers College, himself a DePauw graduate.

Dr. Ehrmann is a member of the Author's club of London and the Author's League of New York City. This honorary degree comes to this Terre Haute citizen as a recognition of the place he holds in the field of literature.

Mr. Ehrmann probably earned this honorary degree for "DePauw University Centennial Ode" and his sonnet "DePauw Revisited," here quoted.

DEPAUW REVISITED.

Is this the very place I knew so well!
These lofty trees, in leafy green array—
Are these the slender saplings of my day?
These old, remembered buildings—how they quill!
The hearts despair! And here fond memories dwell!
On long-forgotten scenes, I used to stray
Along this path; she often came this

We walked together as the twilight fell.
Here for my future I conceived a scheme
Of beautiful, courageous, useful years,
Inspiring joy and solacing of tears.
I little knew I should sometimes
blaspheme.
Because of all my failures and my fears,
Yet I am glad that I still have my dream. **MAX EHRMANN.**

PAMPHLET FILE

RECEIVED DECEMBER 2000 RECEIVED.

A DISTINGUISHED SON.

Today DePauw University paid Max Ehrmann the highest compliment that a college can pay a person. It conferred upon him the degree of Lit. D., Doctor of Letters. Mr. Ehrmann is one of DePauw University's outstanding literary men. Albert J. Beveridge, John Clark Ridpath, Charles Beard are others among great literary men who graduated at DePauw. Forty years ago Max Ehrmann's first book appeared, a slender volume of short stories. When Mr. Ehrmann was a student at DePauw University he edited the college paper. Later, edited the Rainbow, the national magazine of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He is the author of twenty-three books and booklets. Some of them have been translated in foreign languages. His best known piece is "A Prayer." It has been estimated that seven million copies have been printed to date. It has been translated into thirty-two languages and dialects.

Mr. Ehrmann's literary achievements and the reflected glory enjoyed by his home town from these are a constant source of joy. His lightest things bear an unmistakable mark of intellectual attainment, and his more impressive works are something for students of letters to take inspiration from. Mr. Ehrmann might be called the "poets' poet." His poetry, in thought, language and composition, bears the distinction of skilled literary work, and students of meter can find no better text book than these graceful and polished products which in content and craftsmanship rank with the works of literary genius over the ages.

Ehrmann-Max

(This is the one hundred and twentieth
birthday of Indiana. The Tribune re-
prints Mr. Ehrman's poem on Indiana.)

INDIANA

By Max Ehrmann.

The pioneers lie in their earthen beds.
Still lives their dauntless faith to do and dare,
In cities that lift high their lofty heads,
In busy towns that prosper everywhere.

What sturdy men have plowed these fertile fields,
Here in this land where pleasant rivers run—
Where wayside flowers, forests, harvest yields
Are nursed by never-failing rain and sun!

A toiling, peaceful life this people leads,
Not moved by red rebellion's scarlet leer,
Nor whirlwinds shouting out sophmoric creeds.
The turmoils of the world touch lightly here.

If in some future time our country fall
On rocks of evil days, this middle land
Will lift her up, her sanity recall,
And bind her wounds as with a mother's hand.

For here we know no sections, east or west,
Or north or south. Here are the people bound
By many sacred ties to all the rest.
Here is the heartbeat of the nation sound.

Dear Indiana, always, as of old,
Keep thou thy soul unsullied as the sea,
Despising tyrants, whether mobs or gold—
Compassionate mother of a people free.

The Beloved Dead

HOW peaceful lie the dead! Why do we weep, since they mourn not? Well-beaten is the path they take into the great unknown. We follow them a little way, till dusk to darkness turns, then parting wave farewell. We do not know what waits their journey's end, but as we trust the sun will rise each morn, so we trust that the mystery of life and death one day will be explained, and we shall be content. Farewell, thou gentle sleeper — perhaps not forever; soon we too shall pass out of the beautiful earth. In faith's bright hours, the ever-dawning, deathless hope of all the ages tells us that somehow we shall know thee again. We speak in earthly symbols; we know not the language of the country beyond life. Art thou already seated near the helmsman of the universe, in wonder cruising some celestial sea of worlds? Dost thou with kindly memory still look upon our little earth? And wilt thou sometimes think of us, remembering happy hours we spent together in this radiant sun-kissed world? Thus shall we not be all alone; for often thou wilt come to us and we shall see thee by our side, and in the stillness hear thy voice. Speak to us in spirit whispers, when sorrow bears us down! Thy placid face now tells us not to grieve, for peace is thine. Farewell, thou gentle sleeper. How still thou art!

Copyright 1946
Mrs. Max Ehrmann
Terre Haute, Ind.

Max Ehrmann

PAMPHLET FILE

Good Cheer

Vol. 2.

No. 1

The smallest consoling idea has a strength of its own that is not to be found in the most magnificent plaint, the most exquisite expression of sorrow.



INEXPRESSIBLE.

BY GEO. W. WIGGS.

In my mind there is a rhyme,
That I've tried in vain to write;
But the language all sublime
Never will the world delight,
For it comes alone to me:
And no other here on earth
To my feelings can give birth
Or produce the melody.



AMIEL



AURICE MAETERLINCK in his story of the Bee (and by the way this is a book that everybody should read), tells of an old man who was instrumental in introducing him to the bees and the wonders that are to be beheld in every bee hive, and he acknowledges his indebtedness to the old man for the information he received.

There lives in the city of Terre Haute, Ind., a young man, a very great poet, by the name of Max

GOOD CHEER

Ehrman, who introduced me to the work and character of which I am now about to write—Henri Frederic Amiel. A thousand times I have thanked Max Ehrman in my soul for bringing Amiel and his Journal to my notice, and I feel sure that just as Maurice Maeterlinck acknowledged his indebtedness to the old man who gave him his first love for the bees, and just as I have been thankful to Max Ehrman for the service he rendered me, that the readers of GOOD CHEER will be thankful for the meager information we here impart concerning one of the tenderest, gentlest and most lovable men that the world has produced in the person of Amiel.

Thomas Carlyle somewhere quotes one of the German philosophers regarding the "Divine Idea at the bottom of appearance"—so deeply buried under the visible and tangible that only the "Mind's Eye" can come anywhere near detecting it—the Eternal Reality reposing beneath the fleeting shows—the real Being of which the "Mighty Maze" taken in by the eye of flesh is but the partial and very inadequate hint.

It was of this invisible world of truth and spirit that Henri Frederic Amiel dreamed, as year by year, he sat upon this "bank and shoal of time," gazing out upon the infinite sea about him.

Perhaps a nobler intellect than Amiel's was never given to mortal man. The purest gold of genius was his, and yet the sixty years of his life scarcely created a ripple upon the waters of contemporary European life. His friends, knowing how superbly he had been endowed, prayed with him to reach out and do the great things of which he was so easily capable. His distinguished friend, M. Edmond Scherer, constantly goaded him on to worthy effort, but it was all in vain. The giant would not stretch out his arm, the god refused to grasp the scepter.

At the age of twenty-eight professor of aesthetics and French literature at the Academy of Geneva,

GOOD CHEER

which position he exchanged four years later for that of the chair of moral philosophy in the same institution, he died in 1881, at the age of sixty, without having published anything worth reading save a "few essays, and a few poems."

But lo! Amiel had not been the idle, nerveless creature his friends thought he had been. In the solitude of his study, far removed from the glare and glitter, the noise and turmoil of the world, he had been looking within, upon the picture photographed in his own soul, which picture he developed and reproduced in his "*Journal Intime*"—one of the most remarkable books to be found in all the world.

In one of the 17,000 folio pages upon which the brilliant Frenchman recorded his daily dreams, he ventured to ask himself the question: "To whom and to what have I been useful? Will my name survive me a single day, and will it ever mean anything to anybody?" When his friends found among his effects the priceless pages of the "*Journal Intime*," and printed them, the world instantly answered the dreamer's question: "Yes, Amiel; you have been immensely useful to the whole human race, and your name will live forever."

If Amiel had lived before Shakespeare the great dramatist would not have been under the necessity of drawing on his imagination for the character of Hamlet. Amiel's actual character would have saved him the trouble. Of the "Melancholy Dane" Amiel was a perfect replica. Brilliant as a star, a seer of the seers, bright intellectually as an archangel, generous to a fault, and pure in soul as the whitest Peri in Paradise, but deficient in will-power—a thinker, pure and simple, a thinker crushed at last under the very burden of his ideas.

But the dreamer did not live in vain. The career of Amiel was needed in the world. Inactive as he was, and falling far short as he did of his capability,

GOOD CHEER

he was of immense use to his day and generation and to all the world for all time. The outward and the visible, the utilitarian and the mercenary, has advocates and spokesmen a-plenty, and will always have them.



We do not choose our reasons. They are rewards we have earned.



POWER OF MONEY



RE there motes of malice in the air, that no one can speak of another without winding up with a but, a yet, an if, or a however? In this latter day and age indeed it seems that even if a man attempt to pay a friend a compliment he is almost sure before he gets through to wind up with that eternal, although, but, if, however, etc., as though there was something back of it all.

But there did seem to be one exception to this rule, which applied to a fellow citizen known by the name of Sam Rainey. When Sam's friends spoke of him there were no buts, no yets, no shalls, no howvers. It was always Sam the upright, Sam the genuine, Sam the just, Sam the very salt of the earth. But to the story.

It seems Sam himself was strolling down the street the other day, when looking ahead of him, he chanced to see John Jones, one of his best friends. Sam looked at Jones as he tramped along and said to himself, "Why it wouldn't take much of a judge of human nature to see that poor Jones is sad.. Look at him with his head down, his feet scarcely lifted from the sidewalk! Ah, how even the contour of a

GOOD CHEER

prison and hospital could not corrupt. The memory of your sacrifice shall be a heritage to all future generations, for love of freedom is immortal in the human breast. By the winter fire children yet unborn will read your story with glorified sadness. And your dead seives will make for patriotism and for peace. The brotherhood of man will from your memories receive a new hope, that from the earth the scourge of war be banished, and love be kindled in the hearts of men. I see your columns slowy marching toward the bivouac of the stars, within whose camping ground there is no bugle call, and piercing wounds have lost their sting. When you lie still in dreamless sleep, and time and love have joined the songs of blue and gray, we will not let your memory perish. When all forgotten is the carnage of your dreadful wars, still will we not let your memory perish. It shall be graven on the granite face of time. Welcome to you in this resplendent springtime, vanishing heroes with coats of blue!

* * *

Art is nature concentrated.

* * *

THE ROSE BOWL



HERE is no game that is more exciting or pleasurable than the game of finding friends. If you really look for them they will pop up in the most unexpected places, and if you only know it, you have within yourself a lodestone that will attract friends to you.

As tears soften the heart, so does rain soften the earth that good men may come, and in the truest sense of the word, rain deserves to be called a present from heaven, in the same sense that tears are a benefaction.

GOOD CHEER

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

By GEO. W. WIGGS.

Drowsily I ope' my eyes,
Though I hastily arise,
Each alternate morning when,
I know your sweet voice again
Soon shall greet my eager ear;
But I somehow feel a tear
Should have one day graced your cheek,
To enable you to speak,
Even just the word "Hello"
In a voice so soft and low,
That I name you in a word,
Princess Hello, May Casford.



Painting is silent poetry.



SOLDIERS

By Max Ehrman.

Address of welcome to the Grand Army of the Republic, delivered June 25, 1910, at State Encampment, Terre Haute, Ind.



WELCOME to you in this resplendent spring-time, wearers of the coat of blue, bearers of honored scars! You are the mighty trees the storm could not uproot, the living monument of heroic days. From your faces has fled the agony of the battlefield; and the anguish of parted love no more makes wet your eyes with grief's hard tears. May your meetings be filled with many olden stories, bereft of suffering by the gentle mist of memory, and made kindly toward all our country by the flight of time. Priceless will be your memory, silver-haired men of old! Palsied be the tongue that would darken the luster of your heroic past! Unforgotten is your sacrifice, the agony of the field, the muffled drum, the courage that fear could not terrify, and the faith that

JOHN SINOR

Most men try to live by some set of words, put together in a way to be most meaningful for them. The words may add up to a religious credo, a political stand, a "golden rule" of some sort, or perhaps an expression as simple as "think" or "peace" or "smile."

Some men plaster their own set of words on the walls of their office and home. Others carry them around in their head or heart.

And fortunate is the man who has finally decided upon his own particular set of words. It means that to some degree, at least, he knows where he is.

It would probably be foolish to expect man to succeed in following his words to the letter. But it is to his credit that he



JOHN SINOR

continues to try.

I think I've finally found my own words. I'll pass them along presently, and if you're still looking for yours, you may want to consider them.

A Healing Scrap of Paper

It's a fairly long passage on life, and it came to me in pieces. But I've finally tracked the whole thing down.

I got just a few sentences from the middle of the passage a long time ago from a writer friend of mine, who happened to know I was in the depths of gloom over a complex situation which seemed to have no answer.

She mailed me a scrap of paper which read:

"Be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars. You have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should."

It was signed simply—"Desiderata."

She couldn't have sent me a more healing thought. The paragraph hit me with the impact of thunder. But I immediately began to wonder who wrote the lines, and where, and when. And if the author had written other things. For if he or she did, I certainly wanted to read them.

Last week I found the entire passage printed on a beautiful poster a neighbor had purchased in a little shop in Laguna.

There was no hint at authorship, or where the words came from. I searched through Bartlett's Quotations, but couldn't find a line of the work.

Finally, in a little Broadway shop, I found another poster with the same words on it. Underneath the complete passage was the inscription, "Found on a scrap of paper in Old St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, in 1692."

Here Is the Entire Passage:

DESIDERATA

"Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is. Many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of herosim.

"Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

"Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars. You have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."

San Diego Evening Tribune
Friday, Sept 27, 1968

JOHN SINOR

Who is Max Ehrmann?

Last Friday this column reprinted a gentle set of words on life, and how to live it, entitled "Desiderata." And it stirred up a minor literary mystery.

I said the words were found on a scrap of paper in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore, dated 1692.

"Not so," say several readers.

Many of them attribute "Desiderata" to a man named Max Ehrmann. But who is Max Ehrmann? I still haven't been able to find out.

One reader, who asked that her name not be printed, wrote:

"I have had a framed copy of this quotation hanging in my home for 30 years. My copy was

printed in the 'Louis Allis Messenger,' a trade publication for the lumber industry. The author is listed as Max Ehrmann. I would be interested in obtaining a new copy, if you can tell me where . . ."

I can tell you where to get a copy. But who can tell me something about Max Ehrmann?

Another 'Desiderata?' Help!

Mrs. M. A. Roggenkamp of Oceanside wrote: "I agree with you regarding the inspirational nature of the passage quoted in your column. But let's give Max Ehrman (only one 'n' here) full credit for his 'Desiderata.'"

I would be happy to give Max the credit for those beautiful words, if I could really tack them onto him.

My copy of the passage, on a poster obtained from a small bookstore on Broadway near Fourth Avenue, definitely lists its source as the Baltimore Church.

I haven't been able to find a Max Ehrmann in any index of authors in the public library. I did find a card on a passion play by a Max Ehrmann and another on a biography of Max Ehrmann by Mrs. Ehrmann, but neither book was on the shelves, and no one at the library seemed to know whether they were in circulation or even still around.

I returned to the bookstore where I got my poster. They were out of them. There was a run on them after the column, so they've ordered more.

However, the clerk produced another poster entitled "Desiderata II." Aye!

Found in a Roll Top Desk

This new version will not be printed here. It contains some nice thoughts, but a child could see it was not written by the same person who wrote the first one.

The second one is also said to have been found in the same Baltimore church, but a year later—in 1693. I doubt it. It sounds like it was written last week. So back to the original "Desiderata."

Doris Hudson of San Diego wrote: "For many years I have had a copy of Desiderata, and I just love it. After my father's death some 39 years ago, I was cleaning out his old fashioned roll top desk. Among the papers I found a copy of 'Desiderata' written in his own old fashioned back hand script. I was quite excited about it, thinking it might have been his composition. We checked many references and made many inquiries. Finally, a helpful librarian at the main branch of the Minneapolis library found a copy of it and a Max Ehrman (again one 'n') was given as the author. We were never able to learn any more about him or when it might have been written . . ."

Me either, Doris.

Woman Offers Best Clue

Several other readers said they had their own copies with Max Ehrmann listed as the author. But they had no information on him.

Mrs. George Goldberg of San Diego had what I figure is my best clue so far. She wrote:

"We have had this quotation in our possession for several years. It was distributed by the friends of Adlai Stevenson on the Christmas following his death . . . While its cadence sounded centuries old, it was the work of a poet of the 1920s, Max Ehrmann of the Midwest . . ."

No wonder Max Ehrmann is so obscure. That's what usually happens to poets.

But, apparently, his words are still ringing in a lot of people's ears.

San Diego Evening Tribune
Wednesday, Oct 2, 1968

JOHN SINOR

A few final words on "Desiderata," Max Ehrmann, et al.

The mystery posed in this column several days ago has been solved — not by this reporter, but by a couple of housewives who read my questions and then went to work on them.

In reprinting the blank poem "Desiderata," I said its author was anonymous. The next morning my mailbox was filled with letters from readers correcting me.

Max Ehrmann was the author of those moving words, they said. But who was Max Ehrmann? I couldn't track down any reference material on him.

But Mrs. Thomas Fitch of San Diego and Mrs. M.

A. Roggenkamp were better detectives.

Mrs. Fitch turned up a December, 1966, copy of Newsweek in which columnist Emmet John Hughes had reprinted "Desiderata" and attributed it to "Max Ehrmann, a Midwest poet of the 1920s."

Mrs. Roggenkamp did her literary spadework at the Oceanside Public Library and finally turned up a brief biography of Ehrmann in a 1938 dictionary of contemporary poets.

The biography listed Ehrmann's 1938 address as Terre Haute, Ind. From there, it was easy. I phoned Mrs. Evelyn Labier of the reference department, Vigo County Public Library, Terra Haute, and got a complete rundown on Max Ehrmann.

Please allow me to introduce him to you.



JOHN SINOR

Words Worthy of Granite

Max Ehrmann did, indeed, write the moving "Desiderata." It was one of his two best known works. The other was a passage, or poem, of about the same length called "A Prayer."

Ehrmann was born Sept. 26, 1872, the son of Maximilian and Barbara Ehrmann. He was educated at De Pauw and Harvard Universities, and earned a doctorate in literature.

Some of his other works include "The Mystery of Madeline Le Blanc" (1899), "A Fearsome Riddle" (1901), "Breaking Home Ties" (1904), "The Wife Of Marobius" (1911), "Scarlet Women" (1925), "The Philosophy Of Life" (1933), and numerous collections of poetry.

Max Ehrmann died Sept. 9, 1945.

Another poet, Edwin Markham, said of Ehrmann's "A Prayer": "These words are worthy to be engraved on granite."

Mrs. Labier was kind enough to dictate them to me over the phone. I don't have any granite, but I have some newsprint to work with. So here is another set of words from the man who wrote "Desiderata":

'Let Me Do My Work...'

"A Prayer — Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempest of the changing years.

"Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars.

"Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path.

"Give me a few frends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope.

"And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's oiden memories that are good and sweet.

"And may the evening's twilight find me gentle still."

Max Ehrmann's "Desiderata" With Stevenson Before Death

A local jeweler has found what he believes to be an error in a recent Chicago newspaper article dealing with an inspirational writing. It was reported to have been one of the last items of literature to have been studied by the late United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson before his final departure from the United States for Geneva.

The article stated that the printed page, entitled "Desiderata," was of a work originally found in Old St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, dated 1692. The jeweler, A. W. Lindholm, reported that the work quoted in the article was actually a poetic effort by the late Max Ehrmann of Terre Haute. Lindholm has a copy of the work printed on heavy stock and

bearing the name of the late poet and copyright dates of 1927 and 1954.

Here is Mr. Ehrmann's "Desiderata":

"Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they, too, have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become bitter or vain, for always there will

be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, grace

fully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its

Indep
STAR 1971
JAN 15, 1971

Ehrmann, Max

'Desiderata' Addenda

On New Year's Day The Star published an editorial containing the inspirational work "Desiderata."

We obtained our copy of the credo from the Dec. 21 issue of the Congressional Record which reprinted it and credited it to having been "found in Old St. Paul's Church in Baltimore, Md., dated 1692."

In the following days The Star received a number of letters telling us that the essay was written by the late Max Ehrmann of Terre Haute.

Intrigued, we wrote the Baltimore Sun which provided us with an explanation. The Sun first published the explanation two years ago, which indicates how hard it is to put down a myth.

Ralph Reppert, a Sun writer who researched the matter, reported that the Rev. Halsey Cook, rector of Old St. Paul's, said no literary work of any kind could possibly have been found in St. Paul's Church in Baltimore in 1692, as the myth was widely interpreted, because the church did not then exist. St. Paul's parish was established in 1692, but its first crude log church was not erected until the following year.

"Desiderata" appeared in "Between Dawn and Dark," a booklet compiled by the Rev. Frederick Ward Kates, who had been rector of Old St. Paul's from 1958 to 1961. The essay was credited to Max Ehrmann.

The Rev. Mr. Kates, who later became rector of St. Luke's Church in Dallas, Tex., told the rest of the story.

A former newspaperman, he enjoyed collecting and anthologizing inspirational essays, poems and quotations. At times, especially during Lent, he used them in mimeographed booklets which he scattered about the church for parishioners to take home.

He recalled having used "Desiderata" in one such booklet, probably in 1958, although a copy cannot be found. He said he believed the credo was used on the front page of the booklet and added that the mimeographed editions always carried on their covers the name of the church and the date the parish was founded. He conjectured that a parishioner may have carried a booklet from the church in his pocket, and later felt impressed enough by "Desiderata" to have it reproduced. And in its first reproduction the printer possibly gave it the misleading credit line.

And so it is that an essay written in 1927 by a Hoosier author, included in 1948 in "The Poems Of Max Ehrmann" published by the Bruce Humphries Publishing Company of Boston, inspired a myth that exhibits amazing tenacity.



REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

MAX EHREMAN

BOOK II

Sep. 26, 1872--Sep. 9, 1945

VIGO COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

Community Affairs File

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE
WAR

Reprinted from
INDIANAPOLIS SUNDAY STAR

by Max Ehrmann

What are YOU back of everything,
Mysterious One,
Thought That Permeates All Matter?
Religions and philosophies have given
YOU many names.
Always man has wondered what YOU are.
Some believe YOU hear our human voice.
Do YOU hear us and do not care what
agony we suffer?
We are newcomers here. Did we arrive
too late for YOU to fit us into YOUR
cosmic plan, made millions of aeons
before we came?
Are we, then, outside YOUR vast designs?
intruders here? matter that has rotted
a little too much and acquired con-
sciousness?
Are we in YOUR sight less than the field
louse to the plowman?
Or can it be that YOU (so busy with YOUR
other worlds) have never even heard
of us?

○ Thought That Permeates the Universe,
why have YOU made the earth so
beautiful?
In our vanity, we have felt that perhaps it
was to teach us to love one another.
Out of the beauty of the world have come
our tender dreams.
We have looked at the stars on summer
nights, until our love went out to all
men everywhere.
Periods of peace, the beauty and abun-
dance of the earth, had led us to think
that at last the heart of man had soft-
ened.

Always we are planting a garden of love.
Always the marching feet of hate trample
it down.
How will it be if, in despair, we refuse to
plant again?
Then will our spirits gnaw upon them-
selves, like grainless millstones that
grind each other.

○ YOU whose magic paints the sunlit
skies, and nightly shows the fires of
countless suns,
Can YOU not make good what the stars
whisper in dreamers' ears on summer
nights?
And the promises of the moon: that gone
forever is the reign of might, the code
come down from jungle tooth and
claw?
Out of the mystery and beauty of the
world has come our dream of love.
Despite all outrage of our sense of right,
despite man's universal tragedy

(death) and the sorrows of a thousand
bloody wars, in desperation we still
call to YOU.

We wonder: is it less difficult to supply the
energy of a million million suns than
give us peace upon the earth?
Or is the earth to YOU a speck of dirt? and
we but rotting dust that tries to think
a thought or two upon a little ball?
We search for reasons: we cannot under-
stand: why do YOUR plans demand
so much blood—YOUR evolutionary
law, survival of the cunning and the
cruel?
○ Thought That Permeates the Universe.
Mysterious One, Supreme Magician.
God, with all YOUR magic, could YOU
not have love (instead of agony and
blood) henceforth evolve the human
race?

Or is man's will beyond YOUR power to
bend?—YOU, maker of these million
galaxies!
Why, then, should we pray, if YOU cannot
subjugate this human ape, come lately
from the dim primeval world?
Yet, in times of frightful human butchery,
we fill our mouths with incoherent
words, hoping a Great Heart out there
somewhere will hear our broken
speech, and send us help.
Always wars,
Bloody centuries of futile prayer!
The heavens maintain their silence uncon-
cerned.
The sun, moon and stars smile down alike
on bloody battlefields and fields of
grain.

Let nations cease this begging in prayer
for peace.
As long as one nation is savage, all must
remain savage.
We humans are not fallen gods, but rising
brutes.
The task is ours:
Let us lift ourselves above our jungle
origin:
For hate and war, substitute under-
standing and good will.
Without these, it is the end of the earth:
And gone will be whatever man has made,
both the evil and the good;
This globe of matter will become dust, and
roam the endless spaces.
Whatever gods there be, must have wit-
nessed countless such catastrophes of
worlds.
Where living creatures' brains outran their
hearts.
Science without love will destroy the earth.

Jan 29-1941
Terre Haute

—By—

MAX EHRMANN



Max Ehrmann.

What place is lovelier than Terre Haute:
The foliage of her many trees,
That trembles as the cooling breezes float
Across the grain fields' yellow seas!

The gentle river that caressing sings
Past shop and mill and waving corn,
Each day some happy inspiration brings;
Each day a thousand hopes are born.

Here workers wend their way to pleasant homes;
And students spend romantic days.
Here lofty spires and gilded domes
Reach up to touch the sun's first rays.

Here many a youth and maid their faith have kept,
Labored, lived happily, grown gray.
Here bolder ones with keener eyes have crept
To paths where fame and fortune lay.

Vast growing fields and treasures in the ground,
Art, learning, too, here find abode;
And many a forward-looking son has found
The gifts the gods have here bestowed.

What various aspirations man pursues!
It matters not what visions lure,
Here may ambition all its talent use;—
Here is the world in miniature.

—MAX EHRMANN.

BIRTHDAY

By MAX EHRMANN.

Midnight.
I have been sitting by my table a long time.
The world has gone to sleep.
No sound disturbs the stillness.
Old friends look again through the windows of my consciousness;
Old experiences touch the cords of feeling.
Again I walk briskly along the years.
Time's gentle hands have smoothed the troubled face of youth.
Sin concerns me no longer, for in nature I read the laws of my
body, and in myself the laws for my soul.
The thorn bushes of olden waysides bear at last the sweet wild rose.
Though I have not come to the mountain top of my early hope,
I sit now and then at the sunlit foothills.
Looking back over the clouded bogs along the way I came, I see
now that the sun is shining there also.
Hardship and bitterness are gone.
Here at the foothills I sit a tired traveler, remembering and some-
times content.
I have forgotten the pain of beautiful unrealities; I recall only the
joy.
In the twilight chamber of memory I sit with her who bore me.
I hear again soft words out of the dim years.
Life is the fear of a shadow and the wonder at a star in a dream;
It is the froth of storm waves and the glitter of the moon on
trembling water.
I sit by my light and think.
The world around me sleeps.
Mystical night.
All is still.
Another year.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

By MAX EHREMAN

Dec 22-1948

SHOUTS of children. Good cheer.

Days come when we must stand in the open for human rights. But today for a while let us sit still in the court of our own conscience, judging if we ourselves, in the bitter struggle for existence, have too seldom obeyed the laws of kindness.

Let us be modest in our concern for our neighbor's goodness, but eager that we ourselves measure to some decent standard.

Let all persons have consideration for one another, so that something of the peace of the legendary heaven be made real among us, and that the universal craving for a gentler world be satisfied here and now.

In religion all roads lead to the same end. In all times many persons have believed that their eternal heart-hunger is proof that beyond life there is something beautiful.

Let us not contend with one another; we are members of a household. Since none is perfect, may criticism be spoken in a soft voice.

While boasting of progress in natural science and mechanics, let us remember there is no real progress without uplift of the human spirit, and that no form of government can succeed without high character in its citizenry.

Despite all noise, haste, unjust fate, human frailties, and the tragedies of war, thanks for the gift of life: the day in the sun, the night under the stars, friendship, love, work, courage for the right, and, as often as may be, peace of mind.

OLD THINGS

By MAX EHREMAN.

The moon is shining.

I am cleaning up—throwing out old things.

A bit of my mother's hair, my little sister's doll and some rusty rose leaves—why do I keep these?

I do not need the bit of hair to revive the memory of my mother;

*My little sister has grown up, married, and passed away;
And the girl who put the rose into my buttonhole has three children.*

I see her now and then. We laugh at our childhood love.

When I grew up I was to have been a flour miller.

I could see her coming into my office with one of our children.

We planned many things.

We were fifteen.

A flour miller—what a failure I have been! I am only an author of books. I might have been a useful citizen.

The moon has gone behind the clouds.

I have put the hair, the doll, and the rose leaves back into the box.

MARGARET BARBARA

By MAX EHREMANN.

Jan 1941

A bachelor of 60, the youngest of five children, is looking at a youthful portrait of his mother, who passed on nearly 30 years before:

"Hello, Margaret Barbara, pretty girl, father's girl. Why did you have me? You already had four children.

"Why did you bring me into this world? You told me once you didn't want me, but that you loved me as much as the others once I was here.

"It's a terrible world, Margaret Barbara, you brought me into. But I am glad you did.

"It's terrible. But I am glad to have seen it. I know its cruelties. Still I am glad to have seen it.

"I shall be leaving it soon. It is now evening twilight for me.

"Is there anything where you are? Or is that mound at the cemetery all that there is, Margaret Barbara?"

EASTER MEDITATION.

By MAX EHREMANN.

(Reproduced by Request.)

As the earth is regarnished in springtime, so in the barren winter of my heart may there bloom again the rose of sweet content. I would feel again the tenderness that enchanted the garden of my youth, filled with the joys of a thousand hopes in the still morning twilight and beautiful visions in the shadowed, starry night.

One day over the din of the world and the heartless strife of men will rise the symphony of justice and eternal peace: this madness for acquisition will change to eagerness for the common good; and humanity will be delivered from many cruel conventions that are but the husks of virtue.

For all of us the way is sometimes rough and dark. May the tired and the lonely find repose at night, and the discouraged take heart at dawn. When darkness presses round me, may my inner sight grow clear; and when I fall in the noise and haste of the world, may the common heroism encourage me to lift myself up again. Let me learn that self-discipline is better than vagabondage, and good deeds greater than philosophy. Even to the last, let me turn my thoughts to pleasant themes, and speak well of life.

In the softly falling dark, when all grows strangely still, may I be glad to have lived on the beautiful earth, and to have known the touch of love. And whatever I think our common destiny—whether it be the wonder of continued consciousness in some other sphere, or only the endless silence of the ground—may I depart content, as one who journeys home at evening.

AWAY
MAX EHREMAN

I weary of these noisy nights,
Of shallow jest and coarse "good cheer,"
Of jazzy sounds and brilliant lights.
Come, Love, let us away from here.
Let us lay down this heavy load,
And, side by side, far from the town,
Drive on some lovely country road;
And, wondering, watch the sun go down.

What time is left to us, come, Love,
The woods, the fields shall make us whole;
The nightly pageantry above
Our little world, keep sweet our soul.

No peace this city's madness yields—
A tawdry world in cheap veneer.
Out there the lovely woods and fields.
Come, Love, let us away from here.

—Indianapolis Star

MORE THAN THE DUST.

By MAX EHREMAN.

*How wonderful is man, how mystic human lives,
Exalted dust that knows the thrill of consciousness!
Of all our thoughts and deeds perhaps but that survives
Which lifts mankind above its inborn selfishness.*

*The artistry that makes the earth so fair a sight,
The moon with borrowed gold, and many a caravan
Of suns meandering along the lanes of night—
All murmur mystical assurances to man.*

*When you, in bitter spirit, stamp across the stage
Of that inner theater where so many parts you played,
May there be faith (to soothe your amateurish rage)
That He who wrote the manuscript knows well His trade.*

*To subtle, syllogistic quibbles give no heed—
The thinness and the thatness of salvation's plan.
But write across your consciousness the sacred creed:
Man's love of God is measured by his love of man.*

*Of metaphysic certitude make no pretense;
But, silent and in awe, gaze on the cosmic sight,
Ennobled by humility and reverence,
As science pushes back the curtains of the night.*

*Other unnumbered centuries will come and go
In man's adventure on this restless grain of dust.
Why all this learning, if we do not strive to know
The Road, the Inn at Night, the Keeper that we trust?*

THE GREATEST GIFT

11-23-39

MAY I be thankful for what days yet lie
Along my path: and gladly still defend
The worthy name of life until the end—
This life that can entrance and mystify!
It is no little thing in speech to fly
The world of thought with some delightful friend,
In love's embrace to feel one's soul ascend
From grassy earth unto the starry sky.
How many summer moons have I enshrined
Within my heart in happy bygone time!
How many thanks unto the gods consigned
When thrilled with beauty and with love sublime!
But greatest gift of all—the Human Mind,
Some consciousness with this our dust entwined.

MAX EHREMAN.

Thirty-Three Languages 1940

EHRMANN, Terre Haute poet and writer, recently received a letter which indicates that his famous "Prayer" continues to be popular and that it is attaining the stature of a classic, in its universal appeal to men of all races and creeds. To "A Prayer" has been translated into 32 languages and dialects. The arrival of a letter from Miss Thirza Bunce, missionary to the Malay peninsula, that number is increased to 33.

Miss Bunce sent to Mr. Ehrmann a translation of "A Prayer," dated and written in the characters by the broadcast for the radio station in pore. One of the Malay in Miss Bunce's school, a named Kontik, wrote a nized adaptation of the transcript, and Mr. Ehrmann has in his possession not the Malay translation in tal script, reading like the script from the upper hand corner, and toward the out also the phonetic Roman-adaptation by the Malay girl. You want to brush up on your, or perhaps astound your is with your knowledge of little-known foreign language. how to read the first para of "A Prayer" in Malay:

Allah ya Tohanku! Kur-nlah hambanu dapat mem-pekerjaan hamba-nu sa-jap hari. Sakira-nya pera-sutus harap datang melema-h semangat hambanu, kur-nlah hambanu jangan lupa kekuatan sabar yang telah hiboran kapada hambanu i masa-masa susah yang lalu."

Ehrmann also received a of the Griffin (Ga.) Daily a short time ago, which states that his "Prayer" con-

tinues as a favorite of many years' standing with the associate editor of that paper, Wightman F. Melton. Mr. Melton is well known in the world of letters in his native South, and is the man who inaugurated the teaching of journalism in the state of Georgia in 1912. Mr. Melton's editorial reads in part as follows:

"For exactly 37 years I had had among my papers 'A Prayer' by Max Ehrmann. This prayer, printed on a beautifully embossed card, bears the copyright date of 1903, and if I know the law, a copyright may be renewed at the end of 14 years, then renewed for another 14 years, after which it runs out. Anyhow I feel I am safe in reproducing the prayer. Surely the publishers would not object to the reprinting of a prayer. . . . Although I have never met Max Ehrmann I have always had a warm place in my heart for him. . . . Personally I thank this man for the prayer he prayed when he was a young man, and I hope he has come within sight of the castle of his dreams. Certainly it should please him that a stranger way down South has thought enough of his prayer to preserve it for 37 years — and then pass it on to the readers of this column."

★ ★ ★

A PRAYER

By MAX EHRMANN.

ET me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that combed me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from darkness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as will keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's dear memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

Germans of the New Order

By Max Ehrmann

How will you look the future in the face, When written down is all your ghastly shame, Your crimes for which our language has no name, So gruesome, foul, degraded, inhuman, base? Children at school will ask, "Who was to blame That on our lovely sunlit earth there came So barbarous and treacherous a race?" Not in a hundred years of human fate Can you wipe out the blood upon your hands, Nor turn again to innocence and mirth. Your heritage shall be a world of hate Scarred deep upon the souls of plundered lands. You are a nation scorned throughout the earth!

(On Dec. 11, 1816, Indiana Was Admitted

Into the Union)

July 11-1939

By MAX EHRMANN

THE pioneers lie in their earthen beds.

Still lives their dauntless faith to do and dare, In cities that lift high their lofty heads, In busy towns that prosper everywhere.

What sturdy men have plowed these fertile fields, Here in this land where pleasant rivers run— Where wayside flowers, forests, harvest yields Are nursed by never-failing rain and sun!

A toiling, peaceful life this people leads, Not moved by red rebellion's scarlet leers, Nor whirlwinds shouting sophomoric creeds. The turmoils of the world touch lightly here.

If in some future time our country fall On rocks of evil days, this middle land Will lift her up, her sanity recall, And bind her wounds as with a mother's hand.

For here we know no sections, east or west, Or north or south. Here are the people bound By many sacred ties to all the rest. Here is the heartbeat of the nation sound.

Dear Indiana, always, as of old, Keep thou thy soul unsullied as the sea, Despising tyrants, whether mobs or gold— Compassionate mother of a people free.

ALIEN FIRES.

By MAX EHRMANN.

WE will not say they crossed the seas and fought In vain. Our aim was to enforce the right. But we have learned a lesson, dearly taught By many a battle's ghastly sight.

Our queer idealism did not last. How strange, this buying peace with human life! Our dream, democracy, receded fast. For strife breeds only further strife.

New groups of nations win with every fight: An endless feud, and always men must die. When will the nations live by reason's light, And not by deeds that terrify?

When will the nations cure the itching palm? Change curse of national pride to love of peace? When shall we know again the gift of calm? Dear God, when will this killing cease?

Forbid we yield again to martial lust, And seek by force to quench some alien fire. From now we strive to understand and trust Fair play to bring the world's desire.

How can we look these veterans in the face? We snatched them from their dear familiar round, In our mad dream to school a wayward race. And what of them beneath the ground?

(Reprinted by Request.)

MY COUNTRY.

By MAX EHRMANN.

[This piece of prose by Max Ehrmann was published in Elbert Hubbard's *ERA MAGAZINE* twenty-two years ago. After twenty-two years, history seems to be on the way of repeating itself. Will it repeat itself completely? This piece shows with what high confidence the United States entered into the World War, and how little has history carried out the great hopes of our country.—Editor's Note.]

MY father and mother came to this country when they were young, here they were married and their children were born, and here on a quiet sunlit hillside they sleep. It is therefore my country, as they had made it theirs.

Now we are to fight in a terrible war. In a few months there may be mourning in many families, and the lips of some of the young men that greet me on the street may be forever mute. Let it be so. Who am I to chide the onward rush of world events? Idle would it be for me to lift my puny hand before them. Can the ant guide the lion, or the breath direct the winds?

Tears cannot put out the fires of war, nor heartaches stop the roaring steel. If it be decreed that men shall die that freedom live, so be it. For as certain as the sunrise, in the womb of time lies the freedom of the world. But to be born there must be travail. The world has not yet learned to bring forth freedom otherwise.

Now is the night of travail. We pray that the child of freedom be not cast forth untimely; but that the travail continue until the morning twilight of eternal peace, until all men everywhere be free. But we cannot understand. And, remember, we shall writhe in agony. We shall weep and be unconsolable. For us there will be no consolation. But men in far centuries will see how in these troubled years by leaps and bounds mankind rushed on and on toward freedom. For now is the gloaming of purple things, the mist of crowns, the gloom of kings. It is sloughing-time. But we return to somber moods, to inner tears. We feel only the sting. We see only the blood. We cling to our loved ones and cry out to the stars and say the price is too great. We say we cannot pay it. But we pay.

The stars are silent. The mills of the gods grind on, that love, freedom, justice may bloom from the breasts of the dead.

Indianapolis Sunday Star
May 7, 1939

WINSTON CHURCHILL

By ERNEST M. LINTON,

Associate Professor of Government, Indiana University.

Like like leader of a people brave—

Our kin by blood, by culture and by common love
Of freedom's holy cause, from o'er the wave
You came to greet us, guarded from above.

With our courageous chieftain you sat down
And hosted, Christmas time, on hospitality
Of our great nation, kindly like your own,
And minded counsel with conviviality.

You found us fearless, spite of a war-torn world,
Olympian in spirit, girding up our loins
For the long march beneath our flag unfurled,
To glorious victory, wherever the battle joins.

Shoulder to shoulder, in the common cause
Of freedom we'll march with you and the valiant sons
Of your beloved Britain, nor give pause
Till we spited and smashed the ungodly axis.

That is God's way, well build a better world.

The Beloved Dead

HOW peaceful lie the dead! Why
do we weep, since they mourn
not? Well-beaten is the path
they take into the great unknown.
We follow them a little way, till
dusk to darkness turns, then parting
wave farewell. We do not
know if dreamless sleep or waking
bliss attend them at their journey's
end. But as we trust the sun will
rise each morn, so trust we that
death's mystery will be explained
one day, and we shall be content.
Farewell, thou gentle sleeper—
we will not say forever, but for
a few brief suns and moons. The
ever-dawning, deathless hope of
all the ages tells us we shall know
thee again. Art thou already
seated near the helmsman of the
universe, in wonder cruising some
celestial sea of world? Dost thou
with kindly memory still look upon
our little earth? And wilt thou
sometimes think of us, remember-
ing happy hours we spent together
in this radiant sun-kissed world?
Thus shall we not be all alone: for
often thou wilt come to us, and we
shall see thee by our side, and in
the stillness hear thy voice. O
speak to us in spirit lisps when
sorrow bears us down! Thy
placid face now tells us not to
grieve, for peace is thine. Fare-
well, thou gentle sleeper. How
still thou art!

MAX EHRMANN.

THE LAST PRAYER

(Mayo's St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn.)

By MAX EHRMANN.

I am weary lying here so long. Many things that once I
thought important do not seem so now. If this is the end of
earth for me, I pray I shall have a last conscious moment, in
which I may gladly remember that, in the days of my strength,
I had had the courage now and then to raise my voice for the
right as I saw it; that amid the struggles for the necessities of
existence I had had time to record a few moments of spiritual
ecstasy; and that in the stern ways of life I had known a little
of the tenderness of a woman's love. May these things abide
with me; and if in the infinite universe I retain aught of my
earthly self, may they remind me that in my feeble way I was
one who tried—a lovely memory out of the beautiful earth.
Then closing my eyes—consciousness slowly dwindling like a
day that is spent—let me fall quietly asleep, a tired child at
sundown. Peace.

MAX EHRMANN HAS A BIRTHDAY

Yesterday was the birthday of Mr. Max Ehrmann, Terre Haute poet and author. Among his remembrances was a copy of his "Prayer," sent to him by Thirza Sunce, a former Terre Hautean and now a missionary in the Pacific. It is in Malayan language.

Mr. Ehrman's "Prayer" had been translated into many languages, and is used as a greeting card in many countries.

Another souvenir relished by Mr. Ehrmann is a poem written by Julian Ury, Terre Haute business man. It goes thusly:

He who gives wealth gives dross.

He who gives noble words to mankind gives from his soul that which is indestructible.

He builds spiritual wealth for humanity more eternal than the hills, more enduring.

From such a benefactor comes solace to the weary, hope to the oppressed, inspiration to the discouraged and faith to the disillusioned.

Words are golden symbols of immortality.

They can set you free in a troubled world.

Who coins them builds monuments for all posterity, not frozen beauty, but virile, glowing, pulsating.

Poor indeed is he who cannot appreciate and enjoy these precious jewels, so beautifully expressed.

Poetry will live after all warriors moulder in their graves.

Julian J. Ury

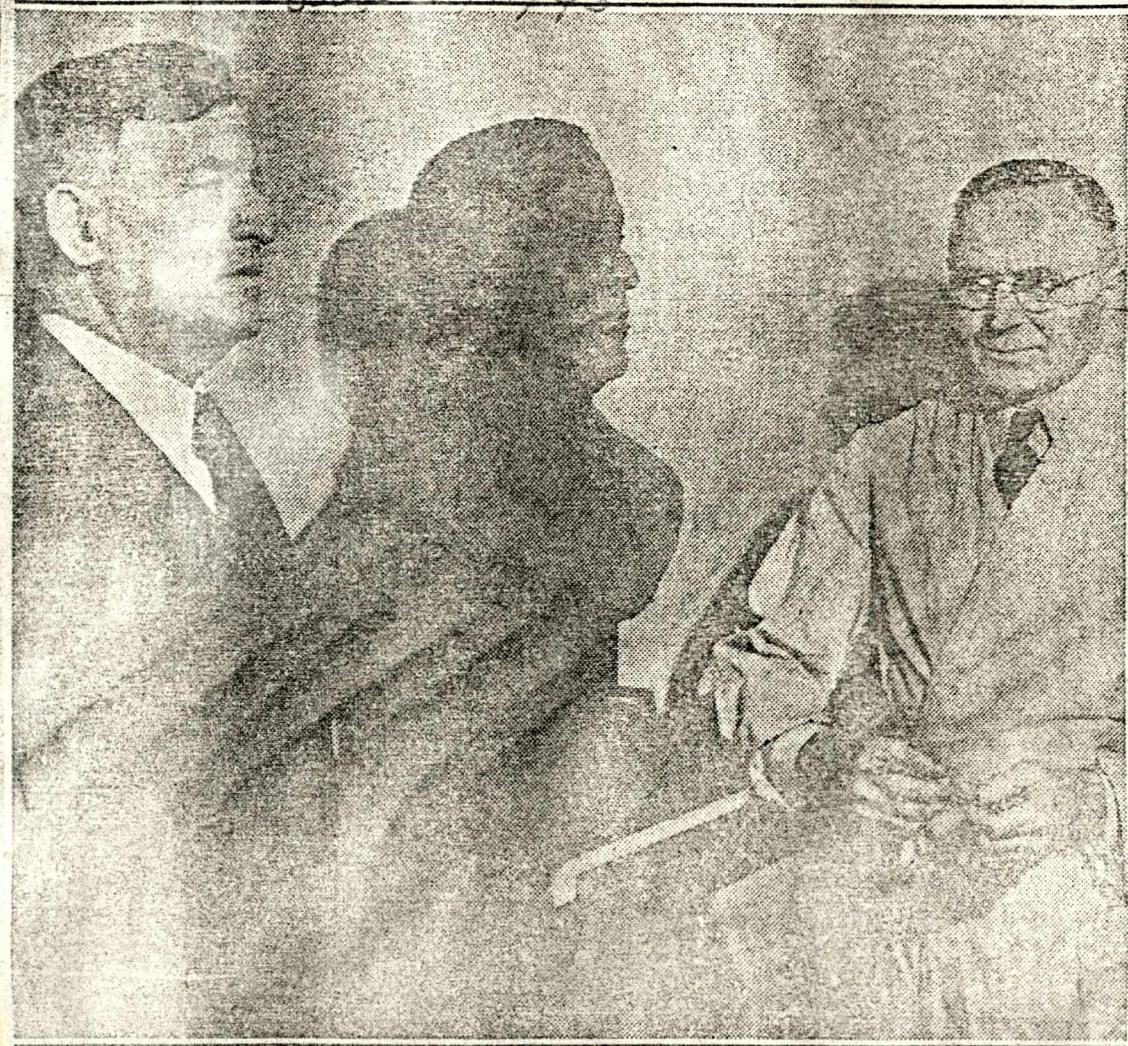
ONE FLAMING JUDGMENT

All things are changed. Time-honored
sanctions fail,
No longer anywhere is happiness.
The distances on earth grow less and
less,
Till now all nations struggle in the gale.
These are transition years, in foresight
frail.
War's agonies, corroding fear, distress,
All leaden weights that on the spirit
press,
As in the storm man takes an unknown trail.
World peace will come by unity alone,
One flaming judgment stands out clear
today:
World unity, or endless lives to pay,
Within the storm there is an undertone—
United Nations marching on the way
To something better than the world has
known.

Max Ehrmann

Copied from the New York Times, Dec. 7, 1943.

Max Ehrmann Sits For Bust to Terre Haute Sculptor



MAX EHRMANN AND DR. HARRY V. WANN IN LATTER'S STUDIO.

Max Ehrmann, Terre Haute's celebrated poet and author, recently was invited to sit for Dr. Harry V. Wann for a bust. The sculptor has his studio in the Fine Arts Building at Indiana State Teachers College. The work will soon be finished. Dr. Wann has two notable pieces to his credit, "Education" and "The Mother." They have been admired by visitors to the Student Union Building, where they have been placed.

MAX EHREMAN
A RECOGNITION

THE SHELDON SWOPE ART GALLERY
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA
THE AFTERNOON OF SUNDAY JUNE 24
AT 3

PROGRAM

ERNEST G. ALDEN PRESIDING

AT THE PIANO

VIVIAN BARD

NOCTURNE IN G MAJOR

CHOPIN

CAPRICE MIGNON

BARD

THE MAN

ERNEST G. ALDEN

SONG

EMIL TAFLINGER

THE SINGING GIRL OF SHAN

ALICE BARNETT

MRS. EDRISS BENNETT AT THE PIANO

THE POET

HARRY V. WANN

SONG

EMIL TAFLINGER

SAILOR MEN

WOLFE

MRS. EDRISS BENNETT AT THE PIANO

THE RECOGNITION

ALLEN D. ALBERT

THE RECOGNITION

A Greeting to you - Max Ehrmann - from a little company of those out of all your acquaintances who feel they know you best. We would have you hear straight out from us how we admire you - which we think is not without its importance - and how our admiration is warmed by affection passing back and forth between us - which you, being a poet, will think is far more important.

Probably you have not the faintest suspicion that in almost every gathering a certain glow sets you up amongst us. You have come to be lamplighter for us, unassuming, not dressing the part, yet igniting whatsoever good there may be in us; and when you have moved on we reflect that the stuff in you that kindles us is a compound of kindly thinking, and manly courage, and love of the beautiful.

No wonder that one day you awoke to a consciousness that you were to be a poet. You commanded it of yourself, you bent yourself to its discipline, and Poetry set about making you as you set about making Poetry. That is the way of Art. We think we work at it, but all the while it has been working at us, until only the Great Poet can tell which was maker and which the thing made.

One thing we know about you that you could never learn of yourself. We come upon you oftener than you would ever believe. Now we find you in the Library of a little town; now you are on the shelves of the rich and powerful; now you hang on the wall in a farmhouse. Your mind and heart have been multiplied - and they never lose their freshness, though the book be opened and the poem conned through all the four seasons.

We usually let it be known - we trust it is without boasting - that we come from Terre Haute, which is in Indiana, in the U. S. A.; and every now and then there is as ascription of merit to us because the others to whom we are talking know the town as the place from whence your poetry went forth to them.

So, Good Friend and Good Poet, we make occasion to greet you and acknowledge our debt to you. We rejoice in you as an influence. We thank Providence for you in behalf of our dear children, trusting that they may come to know you as we know you, that through your writings they may sense the cadence, the music, imagery of poetry.

Believe that from us, Max Ehrmann, and you will see how gratefully we sign ourselves

Your Friends

DESIDERATA

DO PLACIDLY amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become bitter or vain, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

Max Ehrmann

Max Ehrmann

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INDIANA PUBLISHING CO.
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1945.

ARRANGE RITES FOR LATE MAX EHRMANN

Nationally Known Literary Man
Dies Sunday Night From
Cerebral Hemorrhage.

Services for Max Ehrmann, nationally known poet and man of letters of Terre Haute, who died at 9:15 o'clock Sunday night at St. Anthony's Hospital, will be held at the P. J. Ryan & Sons Funeral Home at 1:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. Gwylym Isaac will officiate at the services, and burial will be in Highland Lawn cemetery.

Mr. Ehrmann's death occurred as the result of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was stricken at his home, 903 South Sixth street, about 10:30 o'clock Friday night.

He was taken to the hospital shortly after the attack, and lapsed into unconsciousness soon after his arrival. The poet suffered a serious illness of several weeks duration about a year ago, but recovered his health and returned to his writing and other activities.

He was married early in June of this year to Miss Bertha Pratt King, also a writer and the founder of the King Classical School.

Several of Mr. Ehrmann's volumes were issued in numerous editions, and one work, "A Prayer," was translated into many languages. The poet would have observed his 73rd birthday on Sept. 26.

Born in Terre Haute on that date in 1872, he was the son of Max and Margaret Barbara Lutz Ehrmann. He attended the Terre Haute public schools, graduating from the Terre Haute High School and then entering DePauw University, where he majored in literature and philosophy.

Honored by DePauw.

Later Mr. Ehrmann engaged in two years of post-graduate work in letters and philosophy at Harvard University. DePauw and Harvard Universities displayed deep appreciation of the writer's work, and he was one of 10 noted graduates of DePauw upon whom the college conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

The famous teachers with whom he studied became close personal friends, whose friendship increased through the years, and he was in frequent correspondence with noted figures of the literary world, as well as with leaders in the field of the drama.

Mr. Ehrmann held membership in the Authors' club of London, and also was a member of the Authors' League of America. His first pub-

Continued On Page 5, Column 1.

lished work was "A Farrago," 1898, followed a year later by "The Mystery of Madeline Le Blanc," which appeared in several editions.

A novel, "A Fearsome Riddle," with scene laid in Terre Haute, appeared in 1901. Two years later, "A Prayer," was published, this work bringing the poet widespread recognition and being issued in many editions, as well as many foreign languages. Several volumes of his poems were published from time to time, and his poems attracted critical appreciation for their sustained spiritual tone and rich imagery.

Inspired By Letters.

The poet received countless letters throughout his life from men

and women who wrote that they received help, inspiration and guidance from his work, and these letters from unknown correspondents gave Mr. Ehrmann deep satisfaction, for he always felt that his success as a writer depended upon the help his writings brought to readers.

Other work included "The Wife of Marobius," "Jesus—A Passion Play," "The Seasons" and "David and Bathsheba."

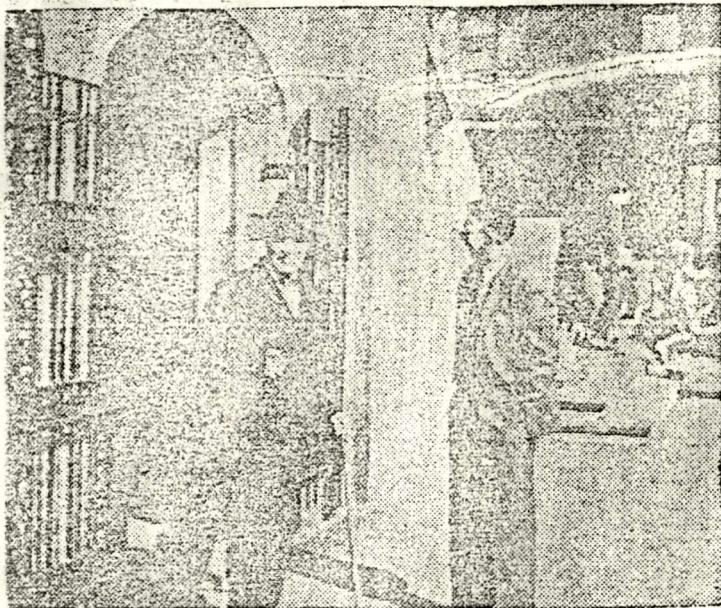
A charter member of the Terre Haute Literary club, Mr. Ehrmann read a yearly paper before the membership for many years, and the occasions on which he appeared always attracted large numbers of hearers. He frequently lunched with faculty members of Indiana State Teachers College, who keenly anticipated his presence and found his conversation highly stimulating and inspiring.

Honor was paid to the poet on Sunday, June 24, when testimonials of his work as a poet and his genius for friendship were given by musicians, college teachers, artists and friends at a gathering at the Swope Art Gallery. On that occasion, Ernest Alden, a lifelong friend paid tribute to him as a friend, and Dr. Harry V. Wann spoke of his poetical work. Mr. Ehrmann was presented with a scroll by Dr. Allen Albert, director of the gallery.

Moved by Tributes.

Mr. Ehrmann was too moved for words during the reception and drew especial happiness from Dr. Wann's statement, in which he praised the poet for his faithfulness to Terre Haute by remaining here after success came to him and adding that it was a source of pride

Poet and Author Dies Suddenly



MAX EHRMANN AT STUDENT UNION.

This picture of Max Ehrmann was taken in front of the Student Union Building at Indiana State Teachers College. Dean Dewey Annakin stands to the left. Mr. Ehrmann, poet and author, died Sunday night, following a cerebral hemorrhage Friday.

---MOTHER---

*Again your kindly, smiling face I see.
Do I but dream? and do my eyes deceive?
Again you whisper through the years to me,
I feel the pressure of your lips at eve.
I dream once more I sit upon your knee,
And hear sweet counsel that I should not grieve;
My hand in yours at twilight time as we
Talk low, and I your dear caress receive.
Sometimes I see your face with sorrow wrung,
So real I see you there; I scarce believe
That I still dream. Your friends when you were young,
Your own great hopes, your cheer and laughter free
In some weird way are strongly haunting me.
O mother of my childhood's pleasant days!
Still whispering courage and dispelling fears
In daylight hours or quiet moonlight rays.
Are you a dream come from my younger years?
Or do you really walk along the ways.
And know my triumphs, or my inner tears.
That quickly cease when you close by me seem?
Let me sleep on, dear God, if I but dream.*

Max Ehrmann.

Terre Haute to Honor Poet

T.H. 1942-3
6-24-45

In Ceremonies at Gallery

This afternoon at 3 o'clock, Terre Haute will honor its prominent literary son, Max Ehrmann, with a recognition program in the Swope Art Gallery. A large citation, signed by friends and visitors to the gallery during the program, will be presented to the poet, and in turn the visitors will receive autographed copies of "Desiderata." Ehrmann's poem "A Prayer" contains these lines: "Must working men kill working men once more. To mend mistakes of diplomatic tools, Who grasp ingenious, wholesale murdering tools? . . . Surely a better world will come in time: But none dare contemplate at what a cost."

The list of the Ehrmann poems and writings is long and includes translations in scores of languages and reproduction in varied publications, programs, plaques and collections.

One of his works, "A Prayer" has been printed in over a million copies, and excepting for the Lord's Prayer no such work was ever so widely circulated. This is the prayer that a Terre Haute missionary, Miss Thirza Bunce, reported hearing a native preacher read in his little church in Malay. Ehrmann was early writing

"As long as one nation is savage, all must remain savage. We humans are not fallen gods, but rising brutes. The task is ours: Let us lift ourselves above our jungle origin; For hate and war, substitute understanding and good will. Without these, it is the end of the earth."

The original bust of Mr. Ehrmann as done by Dr. Harry V. Wann of Terre Haute in armor bronze will be shown at the gallery this afternoon. Participating in the program will be Dr. Allen Albert, Ernest L. Alden, Vivien Bard, Dr. Wann, Alice Bennett, Mrs. Edris Bennett and Emil Tatlinger.

Mr. Ehrmann was graduated from DePauw University in 1894 and several years ago was awarded an honorary doctor of letters degree by his alma mater. He composed the popular DePauw Centennial Ode in 1938.

The program is open to the general public. Also showing at the gallery will be the service men's show and the Walkowitz portraits

to the people that he chose to make Terre Haute his home.

Intimate friends declared following his fatal illness that the words of the scroll presented to him last June constituted the best testimonial of his life that could be given:

"We would have you hear straight out from us how we admire you—which we think is not without its importance—and how our admiration is warmed by affection passing back and forth between us—which you, being a poet, will think is far more important.

"One thing we know about you that you could never learn of yourself. We come upon you oftener than you would ever believe. Now we find you in the library of a little town; now you are on the shelves of the rich and powerful; now you hang on the wall in a farmhouse. Your mind and heart have been multiplied—and they never lose their freshness, though the book be opened and the poem conned through all the four seasons. "We rejoice in you as an influence. We thank Providence for you in behalf of our dear children, trusting that they may come to know you as we know you, that through your writings they may sense the cadence, the music, imagery of poetry."

Mr. Ehrmann is survived by the widow, Bertha King Ehrmann; two brothers, Albert of Terre Haute and Emil of Florida; a niece, Mrs. Russell Allen; four nephews, Frederick Reckert, Lt. Comdr. Howard Ehrmann, Lt. Col. Winston Ehrmann and Lt. Comdr. Donald T. Ehrmann, and several grand-nieces and nephews.

THE POEMS OF MAX EHRMANN

Not the old style of jingle, but the natural poetry of the future—unaffected and straight from the heart of experience.

"One rises from a perusal of these pages conscious of having communed with one of the world's teachers, if not prophets".

—BROOKLYN CITIZEN.

Read What the Best Critics are Saying About this Book and its Author

—THE BOOK—

The most vivid, impassioned, unconventional and individual verse of recent writing. * * * They are real stardust. —PITTSBURG GAZETTE TIMES.

You cannot but feel the charm of the beautiful mind that created these poems. There is a wonderous beauty in everything he writes. It is a striking book and from cover to cover it stamps the author as a poet of genius and originality. —TRENTON (N. J.) TIMES.

Individuality, depth of feeling, and uniformly high-souled and nobly veined. —THE BOOK NEWS MONTHLY, (Philadelphia)

Unmistakable power, wonderful originality and earnestness. A notable book. —KANSAS CITY STAR.

Classics of their kind, simple, beautiful and straight from the serious part of one's experience. There is a largeness about this volume, a sweep of expression that covers a wide range of experience, and life is here viewed as from a great eminence. —SCRANTON TIMES.

As a writer of philosophic prose-poems, rich in epigrams, Max Ehrmann is a master-craftsman. In prose-poetry he has no living superior and indeed very few equals. —CHARLESTON (S. C.) NEWS COURIER.

Originality is the most notable feature. —DETROIT NEWS.

It is as the philanthropist of the printed page that Max Ehrmann excels. Through the poems runs the high desire to rid the laborer of oppressions and the human heart of burdens. Original, unique, and breathing a spirit of restlessness that will find an echo in every reader's heart. "A Woman Rocking Her Child" contains a supremely beautiful idea, presented in a setting that only a genius could fashion. —CHARLESTON (S. C.) NEWS COURIER.

The leading poem in the book is "The Light of the Sun," a dramatic work of tragic intensity and marvelous beauty, and in the part "The Garden of Love" are many exquisite poems full of delicate sentiment and tenderness. There is a peculiar lure in his poems and a musical radiance and metrical charm which is satisfying to the soul. —BUFFALO COURIER.

The lovers of good literature will find its pages move and thrill him.

—LOWELL (Mass.) COURIER-CITIZEN.

Veritable genius of song.

—PITTSBURG PRESS.

These are strong sermons, graceful, and ought to live.

—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

There is no attempt at rhyme, no meter in the sense of regular recurrence of accents, yet this looseness of form has not come from carelessness, for the greatest skill has been used in choice of words and in accents, so that the lines read with a free sonority, a long sweep that carries the mind on with an irresistible rush and suggests great things. It is the poetry which suggests in its form the poetry of the Bible. They are stirring, inspiring, and awake the imagination. It is these poems chiefly which should bring fame to the poet by their originality, their beauty and their purpose. An important contribution to the literature of the period. —TERRE HAUTE TRIBUNE.

He has struck out fearlessly for himself in untried paths. Nowhere does he show a trace of having a master. He gives the world his own thoughts, spoken in his own tongue. —LEAVENWORTH TIMES.

A helpful tone that will inspire.

—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

Delicate sentiment and a deep vein of undeniable genius.

—BUFFALO COURIER.

Once read, they will be read over and over again. They are full of love and wonder of God's world, of sweetness and light. These are helpful, hopeful, optimistic, many of them worthy to be illuminated and hung on the wall for daily companionship. But the most exquisite things in the book are not in rhyme but in prose, a glorified prose, so flooded with beautiful thoughts, clothed in sonorous words and moving with so melodious a cadence that it is more truly poetry than ever the jingle of rhyming syllables could have made it. It is a good book to read, to know, to have with you. —LEAVENWORTH TIMES.

Holds the attention of the thoughtful reader in no uncertain manner and sure to make many friends among those who muse on the inner meanings of life. —NORTH HAMPTON DAILY HERALD.

Not afraid to defy conventions. To the few it will be a delight to read and re-read again. —BUFFALO MORNING EXPRESS.

Max Ehrmann's Poems are too well known to need a laudatory introduction. —ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

Previous volumes of Max Ehrmann's verse have achieved a popularity which is likely to be sustained by the present edition. * * * Humanitarian verse, powerfully and convincingly written. —PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

No review can contain any measure of its charm and power. "The Light of the Sun" is one of the finest pieces of work that has come from his pen. It is a powerful drama. In "Portraits of Women" are poems very bold and daring. The collection is certainly noteworthy, and should be a permanent contribution to literature. —SPECTATOR.

Evinces a rare insight into a woman's heart.

—THE MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN.

Originality of expression and keen insight into human nature.

—SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN.

A remarkable volume of poetry—fiercely iconoclastic.

—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

Strong in feeling, original in conception, and clear in expression. They raise a protest against the grinding down of the poor, the idleness of the rich, the fever of the commercial world; against hypocrisy, greed, artificiality.

—NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

A book of power, praising with lyric beauty the gentler things of life; and plunging the knife of keen criticism into the barbarities of our modern life.

—SAGINAW EVENING NEWS.

"The Task," the longest poem in the book, paints the pictures of despair and sounds the cries of the human heart in a way that they have not often been done before. —SEATTLE TIMES.

Pronouncing the philosophy back of every movement for the betterment of mankind. —ST. PAUL DISPATCH.

In this volume of poems the author of "A Prayer" has given form to poems as beautiful in sentiment and as simple in language as that classic which has made him well known. —PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

It is not ordinary, and its spirituality and force grow upon one with continued reading. —LOS ANGELES TIMES.

A noteworthy collection.

—DENVER POST

This is a thoughtful book for thoughtful people. There is much beauty in the thoughts expressed and much spirituality. Among so many beautiful things it is hard to choose—beautiful enough to be repeated frequently as collects are repeated in churches. —BROOKLYN CITIZEN.

THE MAN

He is one of the most interesting men of his generation.

—WILMINGTON (Del.) EVERY EVENING.

Max Ehrmann, modest and unassuming, has come to be recognized as a poet whose productions strike a universal response in human needs and human hopes. Because he lived and struggled and wrote, he has helped others to live and struggle and toil. The ideals found in Ehrmann's helpful poems were written in hours of his own need of such ideals, and so have answered world needs.

—GEORGE BICKNELL in THE CAXTON MAGAZINE.

Max Ehrmann is one of the sweet singers of America.

—GRAND RAPIDS HERALD.

A delightful collection of verse by this brilliant author, whose pen seems inspired and who has been touched with the divine fire of genius. As a poet and lecturer Mr. Ehrmann has won a notable place in the school of American writers. He is many-sided in his art, and above all has the sweetness and simplicity of soul that seeks to scatter sunshine as he passes by.

—BUFFALO COURIER.

To appreciate Mr. Ehrmann's writings it is well to understand in the beginning that he is a philosopher, something of a prophet, and very much of a dreamer. —LOWELL (Mass.) COURIER-CITIZEN.

Max Ehrmann is as great a master in his way and for his purposes, of Saxon English, as Daniel Webster or Wendell Phillips was for his. He is the most forcible of all the orators of present day revolt.

—ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH.

Passion fairly radiates from the poems of love. Max Ehrmann is successful in the difficult allegorical, and parable forms of literature, and is a modern Psalmist. His brilliant intellect is in evidence in even the smallest offering of his pen.

—NEW ALBANY (N. Y.) TIMES-UNION.

A true student of the human heart.

—SEATTLE TIMES.

Bold and striking—a warm hearted and impulsive writer.

—CHICAGO EXAMINER.

Max Ehrmann, poet, philosopher, and sometimes prophet, has reached the goal in almost every word he ever wrote, for even while his feet are on the ground, his head is generally among the constellations.

—GEO. WIGGS in GOOD CHEER MAGAZINE.

The volume is a reflection of Max Ehrmann, the man, a personage well worth knowing and loving, and it should make him many friends. Those who read this delightful volume will recognize the true poet and accord a high place among the rare few gifted with the poet's art.

—GRAND RAPIDS HERALD.

His frankness may provoke censure from some persons who would avoid knowledge of worldliness, but Ehrmann could not be anything if not natural and his treatment of life and the power that moves men and women must be accepted as truthful.

—TERRE HAUTE STAR.

Max Ehrmann, lecturer, poet, and author, has struck a new and poetical expression. Perhaps it is too soon to hail him as the great American poet. He is yet a young man and his work may never appear to the many, but to some his lines are pure gold. His writings mark the dawning of a new epoch in literature. Where others follow he has struck out fearlessly for himself in untried paths. Nowhere does he show a trace of having a master. He gives the world his own thoughts, spoken in his own tongue. He is never bromidic, never trite; always virile, courageous and unconventional. He revolts against "narrow hide-bound creeds and man-made laws," cruel conventions that are but the husks of virtue, and cries out for the freedom that would hasten the onward march toward the greater good. Those who lack his "inner vision" and are deaf to the "silent language of God's universe" will see only a destruction of the whole social fabric in his teaching and will be blind to the higher plane of civilization he sees.

—LEAVENWORTH TIMES.

The soul of a poet and wealth of imagination. —SAN FRANCISCO CALL.

Max Ehrmann is a poet of the new school—the school of rebellion against false traditions and of the making of new ideals and the keeping of the old ideals that are strong and good. —ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS.

He stands on a high plane; and one can endure a certain spirit of opposition at every convention for the sweetness of his thoughts and the purity of his devotion. —TROY (N. Y.) RECORD.

There is in his work, also, an elevation of thought, an earnestness of purpose and a high, fine, moral idealism, combined with a passionate love for justice and the rights of man, that give special value to the volume. There is manifest in all his work, heart, soul, and moral virility that leads us to believe that he will do much for the cause of human rights ere he leaves this plane.

—B. O. FLOWER in TWENTIETH CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE WIFE OF MAROBIUS

BY

MAX EHRMANN

The Wife of Marobius is strongly dramatic and beautifully simple.—New York Evening Mail.

Not often is the secret of a woman's emotional nature revealed as clearly as in this drama of love and passion.—Pittsburg Press.

This story is true to-day and forever.—Seattle Times.

Max Ehrmann reveals the rich quality of his genius in The Wife of Marobius.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

This is a bold theme. Emotion rises to the intensest pitch, but the poet rises with it, and no false note is struck. . . . Ehrmann has produced a notable piece of literature.—Indianapolis News.

A moving and poignant tragedy, a play that is at once poetic and dramatic.—Chicago Evening News.

It is intense and exalted; a play of palpitant power, in which barbaric passion breathes through verse of splendid texture.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

It is a study of sensuous beauty, warm with life and movement, and with a genuine feeling for the tears of things expressed in music woven out of shadow and the reverses of the spirit. It has beauty and life.—Boston Transcript.

In The Wife of Marobius this gifted author displays his genius in a new and brilliant light. There is in the play a dignity of style, a notable eloquence of expression, and a dramatic intensity that are tremendously compelling.—Buffalo Courier.

It is marked with passion and intensity; and is powerfully dramatic.—San Francisco Bulletin.

How I should love to play it! Really it is full of great, great chances.—William Faversham.

Here are a fine and sure sense of technique, a subtle understanding of the feminine mind, and a noble feeling for beauty at once sensuous and moral.—The Drama.

TRIVIA.

I'll be a concierge and look on
—Shakespeare.

Since the recent appearance in The Indianapolis Star of Max Ehrmann's writings, the question has been asked of this column, "Who is he?" Here, then, are a few facts:

Max Ehrmann was born at Terre Haute, Ind., was graduated from DePauw University and took a two-year postgraduate course in philosophy at Harvard. For one year he served as deputy district attorney. He is unmarried. At one time he gave public readings over the country, but he is perhaps best known for his many books, his most widely read piece being "A Prayer," reprinted in The Star Easter Sunday.

Excepting the Lord's Prayer, no prayer ever published in the English language has been so widely circulated. It has been printed in every conceivable form, in copies numbering more than a million. It has been inserted into the Congressional Record at Washington. It has been often translated and set to music. It has been stolen from public buildings, pirated, modified and plagiarized, found on the bodies of suicides, the last solace of condemned criminals, the daily lesson of millions of school children, the cherished possession alike of the Fifth avenue millionaires and the Bowery poor of many great cities. Thousands of persons who never go inside a church read and love it. It is a prayer universal because work is its creed and love its religion.

Many years ago Max Ehrmann, the poet-playwright, lay ill in Columbia, S. C., where he had gone in search of health. There are persons at Columbia who still remember him venturing slowly forth from his hotel once or twice a week, well wrapped up and leaning heavily on a cane. In a letter to a friend written some years later the poet told how he came to write "A Prayer."

"One sleepless night I was in and out of my bed more often than usual. I had so little strength in those days. I remember only a few things about that night: one that it was dark and damp and another that I could hear the faint music of a dance across the street from my hotel room. It seemed to me that all the loneliness of the world crept into my soul. I grew bitter. Bitterness is a man only half alive is no edifying thing, and it is likewise a dangerous thing. Somewhat in this state of mind, as I remember, for my own chief, I arose from my bed that damp, dark night—far from home, in a strange country—and wrote a Prayer. I had written little pieces of prose like this all my life, and others of them had gone here and there and went—into the waste basket. "A Prayer" was somehow miraculously saved by a

Believing that Max Ehrmann's "Desiderata" may have almost as wide an appeal as "A Prayer," we reprint it here:

"Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they, too, have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and dis-enchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be.

And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy."

+ + +

It is regrettable that we spend most of our living moments getting ready to live life or getting ready to leave it.

Appreciation of Max Ehrmann.

A bit of literary news, in an item such as frequently gets little attention, comes in the announcement of the fifth edition of "Jesus: A Passion Play," by Max Ehrmann. This book which was given to the public by Mr. Ehrmann a few years ago won universal praise from literary critics, writers of note, eminent clergymen and editors of great religious publications. It was published at the same time in New York and London and gave Mr. Ehrmann a standing of importance in literary circles of England. To the credit of the public that looks for such productions the book was accepted in the spirit in which it was written.

Such literary productions do not become best sellers but they do find a cherished place in the libraries of students and of lovers of fine drama. The lasting value and genuine appeal of Mr. Ehrmann's book may be judged from the bit of news about the fifth edition. Best sellers of the period of the first edition of "Jesus: A Passion Play," have passed from memory. Sometimes we try to recall from hazy memory even the title of a story when incidents of the once best seller are revealed under a new title in the motion pictures.

This all prompts the question of whether Terre Haute really appreciates the big things Mr. Ehrmann has done. He has elected to remain a citizen of his native town rather than migrate as do so many writers. He is one of us, a quiet, unassuming, kindly man, with all the vision, hopefulness and ideals of the poet but with none of the temperamental whims so often looked for in this class of writers. Because he is one of us perhaps we have been inclined too much just to take him for granted.

Mr. Ehrmann has reason to be proud of the work he has done. His books and poems have gone forth bearing an inspiration to cleaner thoughts and better things. The city is proud of Mr. Ehrmann whenever it is reminded of his achievements. It loves the poet, not only because he is a poet, but because he is a man among men and joys in the every day life of the conscientious worker.

Max Ehrmann

RUTH HUNTINGTON

Recently, I promised myself to learn more about this man of letters of whom Terre Hauteans are justly proud. Since then, during spare moments, in search of information, I have gone through various copies of *Who's Who*, *Readers' Guides*, and *Congressional Records*. Lastly, I have read much that Max Ehrmann has written. It has been an enlightening and worth while experience, and I have decided to share a part of it with others. The following biographical data are included in the hope that a few of my fellow club women will find herein some new bit of information regarding this Terre Haute writer.

Max Ehrmann is truly a native of this city. The following quotation from a prose poem entitled "My Native City," expresses his feelings regarding Terre Haute: "O my native city! thou knowest not how often I have thought of thee when far away. When I have wandered amid other scenes, and other men and women and children have passed me by, fondly have I thought of thee. The cool shade of thy many trees, and the memory of thy gentle river at thy margin, have been a solace to me in strange and distant places. . . . Within thy bosom I lay as a child, have grown to manhood, and shall at last rest in dreamless sleep."

Max Ehrmann received his Ph.B. from DePauw University and spent two years in the study of law at Harvard. He is a member of the Authors' League of America and was honored with the invitation to become a member of the Authors' Club of London. With the exception of a short time during which he served as prosecuting attorney, he has done that which is his life's work. "I live to try to create beautiful things, and to do some good, as I see good." This is his self-expressed two-fold objective in life; the motivating force back of all his writings.

Numerous writings of literary merit have appeared from his pen. The work which has won for him universal recognition and which perhaps best shows his aspirations is that heartful prose poem, "A Prayer," with which all of you are familiar. No other prayer published in the English language, excepting the Lord's Prayer, has been so widely circulated. It has been printed into millions of copies, translated, set to music, and is known almost the world over. Max Ehrmann has written a number of similar things in prose, but in a prose that is truly akin to poetry.

Among his writings, you will find something to fit any mood. If mystery novels appeal to you, read "The Mystery of Madeline le Blanc" and "The Fearsome Riddle." If you wish something light and humorous, I recommend his farces, "The Bank Robber" and "The Plumber." For a more serious mood, the drama lover will enjoy his three beautiful poetic dramas: "Jesus: A Passion Play," "The Wife of Marnhins," and "David and Bathsheba." If you care for social re-

form, you might read through Max Ehrmann's "Scarlet Women Series" and find what this author has done in an effort to help correct an ever-present social evil. Among his poems, too, you will find some in which he rebels against the present order of things. Each of us is interested in Paul Dresser, composer of the song, "On the Banks of the Wabash"; Max Ehrmann has given to us the best available biographical sketch of that famous Terre Haute song writer.

The above is not a complete enumeration of all that has come from the pen of this writer. It is enough, however, to indicate that his interest and ability is not limited to one field of endeavor. *Who's Who among North American Authors* gives quite a complete picture of what he has written. From time to time, new things appear. I, for one, shall read with interest anything of Max Ehrmann's which may be published in the future.

I believe I enjoy most Max Ehrmann, the poet, who with lyric beauty praises the gentler things of life. In our hurried, noisy world we need such poems as he has given us. The reading of these poems leaves one with a feeling of quietness and peace. The two selections below, taken from his book of poems, illustrate the qualities which I like best:

ERE YOU LIE DOWN TO SLEEP

Ere you lie down to sleep in the night, sit still a while, and nurse again to life your gentler self. Forget the restless, noisy spirit of the day, and encourage to speech the soft voices within you that timidly whisper of the peace of the great still night; and occasionally look out at the quiet stars. The night will soothe you like a tender mother, folding you against her soft bosom, and hiding you from the harm of the world. Though despised and rejected by men in the light of the day, the night will not reject you; and in the still of her soft shadows you are free. After the day's struggle, there is no freedom like unfettered thoughts, no sound like the music of silence. And though behind you lies a road of dust and heat, and before you the fear of untried paths, in this brief hour you are master of all highways and the universe nestles in your soul. Therefore, in the night, sit still awhile and dream awake, ere you lie down to sleep.

EVENING SONG

Give me to gladly go
My way
And say
No word of mine own woe:
But let me smile each day.

Give me the strength to do
My task
I ask;
And that I shall not rue
The toiler's grimy mask.

Give one loved hand to me,
And leave
The eve
All undisturbed as we
Our strength of souls retrieve.

And lastly give sweet sleep,
Closed sight,
No fright
That fears will o'er me creep;
And now a sweet good night.

Max Ehrmann's Prayer Now A Shrine Of Hope

By Corbin Patrick

According to Dr. Gallup's findings, a majority of persons interviewed by his experts believe there is less real happiness in the world now than at some previous but unspecified date. That's not surprising, since time lends enchantment to days of long ago and most of us look back to a dimly but fondly remembered period of youth or childhood as the happiest of our lives. If we could recall those golden days in near focus, we might change our minds.

This over-the-shoulder view is a pessimistic attitude. It suggests disillusionment and lost hope. There's a tinge of pessimism, too, in the opposite point of view—the kind of wishful thinking in which the happiest day is always tomorrow. It grows on neglected opportunities. The well-balanced individual cherishes both dreams and memories but is not displeased with present blessings.

The surprising thing about Dr. Gallup's report is the number of philosophers among us who believe that humanity is improving, not only in health and knowledge but in spiritual values. They're in a minority, to be sure, but they're the salt of the earth. It's such faith in their fellowmen that gives us assurance of a better world tomorrow. The biggest percentage of persons questioned in Dr. Gallup's survey believes the human race is definitely getting worse in respect to peace of mind. This belief undoubtedly reflects their own inner uneasiness.

Perhaps they need the simple but helpful wisdom of a poem in the form of a prayer written by the late Max Ehrmann, poet and philosopher who lived in Terre Haute and was made a doctor of letters by his alma mater, DePauw University. He wrote it while sick, alone and sleepless in a hotel room. Then he threw it in the wastebasket. The next morning a maid brought it back to him, saying it was such beautiful writing it should not be thrown away. So Mr. Ehrmann thought better of it. The people of Terre Haute think well enough of it to have it exhibited on a bronze plaque in their Sheldon Swope Art Gallery.

This is Max Ehrmann's prayer:

"Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from the bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself.

"Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and intimacy overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still."

New Edition of Ehrmann Poetry Now In Hands of Publishers

79/21/47

A new edition of the poems of the late Max Ehrmann of Terre Haute, whose 78th birth anniversary occurs next Friday, Sept. 26, has been completed by Mrs. Ehrmann and is now with the publishers.

Founder of the King Classical School, for forty years a private

institution in the city, Mrs. Ehrmann has been devoting her efforts to the new edition of poems and is now engaged in preparing the poet's journal for publication, editing a new edition of his plays and in writing a short biography.

The Terre Haute author and poet, whose works are in the great

libraries of the nation, died suddenly in September of 1945, and so Mrs. Ehrmann has carried on the work of the new editions and the preparation of his journal alone. They had planned to prepare the editions together.

"The Journal of Max Ehrmann" represents twenty years of the poet's reflections on life, literature and religion, and Mrs. Ehrmann believes that his friends and the reading public will find it especially interesting and inspiring. The "Journal" ends as the recent war became intensified and as it affected the spirit of the poet more and more.

Mrs. Ehrmann is working at the same table used by her husband to write the biography. Not a day passes but what she receives requests for his poems and she believes that the new collection will serve to introduce his works to the younger readers and provide renewal acquaintance and inspiration to those who have known his writings.

Four of his most famous works, "Desiderata," "A Prayer," "Breaking Home Ties," and "Who Enterteth Here," are hanging in Swope Art Gallery. A day of recognition was held at the gallery several



MAX EHRMANN.

months before his death. The prayer has been translated into 34

languages, and Mrs. Ehrmann has a framed copy in Arabic brought to the poet by Miss Thirza, Bunce from Malaya where she heard it read at a church service. His poems were widely published in Sunday feature editions of newspapers for a number of years.

The book of Ehrmann plays will include "The Wife of Marobius," which has been published as a separate book; "David and Beth-sheda," "Tamar," which has not been published heretofore, and "The Light of the Sun."

Literary Scrapbook

The poet's letters from famous literary and public figures of his day have been collected into scrapbooks by Mrs. Ehrmann. Included are letters from Mary Garden, Edward Carpenter, Otis Skinner, Hugo Munsterberg, Israel Zangwill, Margaret Deland, Hamlin Garland, Minnie Fiske, Margaret Sanger, William Faversham, Elbert Hubbard, Upton Sinclair, Ellen Terry, Basil Rathbone, Louise Dreiser, Van Wyck Brooks, Harriet Monroe, Max Eastman, Edwin Markham and others.

The famous actress, Ellen Terry, after reading a volume of the note, "I see you are very good, and I like you very much." There are a number of letters from Jack London and some from his wife after the author's death, several from Havelock Ellis of England, Theodore Dreiser, and a folder of notes from Eugene Debs, who encouraged the young poet in his early years.

Mrs. Ehrmann has enjoyed particularly re-reading correspondence from Dr. Merrill Moore, a psychiatrist, who used some of the poems in work with military personnel in the South Pacific. On one of the mimeographed messages Dr. Moore has written, "I use Desiderata liberally and always find it helpful. Like a panacea (it cures everything) it should be bottled and sold as Dr. Ehrmann's magic soul medicine."

It was James Whitcomb Riley who advised the young Harvard poet to keep his press notices, printed poems and letters and it is from these sources that Mrs. Ehrmann is drawing much of her material for the new books. "Particularly in these days, I believe Max's works are helpful to people. He had a message of quietude and he knew that it was up to everyone to find it within," she says.

New Edition Of Ehrmann's Works Recall His Cosmopolite Life

7/1/21/48

By Bruce McCormick.

Appearance of the Poems of Max Ehrmann in a new edition enlivens vivid memories of the man himself, strolling the streets of his native Terre Haute, eager to talk to people, his conversation the material of poetry.

These poems reflect the richness of Ehrmann's philosophy, nurtured by studies under Santayana, Royce and James at Harvard, and tested in the spiritual turmoil of living. They are couched in words of Biblical vigor, and are the mark of the poet's success in rescuing what once were honored as eternal verities from the prejudice and forgetfulness of day-to-day commonplace activity.

In so doing, he has brightened imperishable truths with poetic fire, and sharpened the appreciation of readers for them.

Much of the same service has been done for Max Ehrmann's poems by his widow, Bertha K. Ehrmann, as editor, and Bruce Humphries, publisher of the new edition.

This review does not profess to be a technical analysis of Ehrmann's poems, or a critical evaluation of his place in art or the "schools," but it does assume to call attention to the fact that a warm, deep, gentle and perceptive personality moved among us and made his home here in Terre Haute for many years.

Ehrmann's prose poem, *A Prayer*—most widely read and loved of several prayers from his pen—of course will be found in the new volume, with other verse treasured by many readers.

Edwin Markham wrote to Max Ehrmann of the "simplicity, majesty and tenderness" of *A Prayer*, of which he added, "It is worthy to be graven in granite."

Some of Ehrmann's verse deals sharply with social injustice in tones which can bear repetition endlessly. He was always aware of and a fighter against the cruelties and blindnesses in human relations. And he was well aware of despair.

Other poems give emphasis to the beauties and satisfactions of a quiet, thoughtful way of life such as Ehrmann knew and valued, especially after he left the world of law and business to give his whole attention and energy to study and writing. His rooms on South Sixth street, in the heart of the city, were a refuge to him and to others.

The volume of poems in new dress also cannot fail to rekindle for many of us a sense of days long lost, an era which may be described best in the poet's own words from his Journal, "The glorious, incandescent days of youth."

It seems fitting, also, to revive some knowledge of the esteem in which Ehrmann's work was held by contemporaries of his most fruitful years. Twenty-four years ago, this reviewer was privileged to read through much of Max Ehrmann's voluminous correspondence, and wrote at that time:

Havelock Ellis has written several letters to the poet filled with enthusiasm for his work, especially for *A Prayer*, which was known also to the English auth-

or's wife. Several letters are from Charlotte and Jack London.

"Mrs. London wrote, 'The copy of *A Prayer* is even now amongst the things Jack loved, standing on a little mantel-piece where he used to stand and re-read his favorites.' Jack London, writing from Honolulu to Ehrmann in 1915, gave warm praise to 'Jesus: A Passion Play.'

"There are letters from William Faversham regarding 'The Wife of Marobius,' a later drama of Ehrmann. The actor said the play was full of 'great, great chances.'

"There are letters of praise, encouraging criticism and gratitude from Israel Zangwill, Edward Carpenter, A. Lawrence Lowell, Bliss Perry, Brander Matthews, Enrico Caruso, Mary Garden, Elbert Hubbard, Cale Young Rice, Booth Tarkington and Edward Everett Hale."

It is to be hoped that the new edition of Max Ehrmann's Poems will lead many new readers to bestow similar generous appreciation.

5/2/21/48

By Mrs. Max Ehrmann.

The recent publication of "The Poems of Max Ehrmann" has brought a new interest in the life of Max Ehrmann and how he lived in Terre Haute. Max Ehrmann had great affection for Terre Haute and chose to spend his days in his native city. To him, lover of the quiet life, Terre Haute held the pattern of the larger world and he has celebrated it in many of his poems. In "Terre Haute" he wrote:

"What various aspirations man pursues!
It matters not what visions lure,
Here may ambition all its talents use;
Here is the world in miniature."

In his Journal there are many entries of this affection for Terre Haute. March 26, 1922 . . . "It is raining. I am here in my rooms, surrounded by my books. Around me live acquaintances and friends.

It is good to be here on this spot of earth where I was born, where my father and mother lived, labored and were happy. I would that all persons might find such a loved spot on earth. It is a spiritual possession. To belong somewhere, to be known somewhere, to labor somewhere, to have ties that the years have endeared—these are not the least among the durable satisfactions of life." Again in the Journal he writes: "In large cities one's view is diffused; here none can escape one's microscope. The histories of many lives I have seen unfold year after year. Here also there is romance and heroism—the whole drama of human life. Here in this smoky, commercial city that has not one bit of bronze or marble for the public eye—yes, even here let me keep my eyes open, my feelings warm, my understanding keen. Let me drive out of myself the universal madness to be elsewhere in search of the joy of life, for the joy of life resides within oneself. Let me universalize my sympathies, let me understand the young man eager for money, the young poet eager for beauty, and all youth eager for love. All this here in this dear city of my birth."

In his poem "My Native City" he has written "My native city! Thou knowest not how often I have thought of thee when far away. The cool shade of thy many trees, and the memory of the gentle river at thy margin have been a solace to me in strange places."

But thou wilt go on unconcerned as ever when I am gone into the silent land. Soon thou wilt forget that I wandered about thy streets in the shadow of thy buildings. Within thy bosom I lay as a child, have grown to manhood, and shall at last rest in dreamless sleep."

Yet once he said to me: "Long after this present generation is gone, I may still be walking these streets of Terra Huata."

Max Ehrmann was completely dedicated to his work for which a quiet life was necessary. From without, his life seemed universal; within, he lived in constant adventure. He had regular hours for writing, study and recreation. Mornings in his beloved "Little Rooms" he wrote at the beautiful table made by his father. But his most cherished hours for writing were in the midnight silence. Afternoons, under the beech trees of Deming Park, he would sit listening to the peaceful rustle of the leaves and to the silent voice within—that inner voice which Balzac said "supports a man of gifts in his moments of despair." Here in the silence of the woods he found the peace of soul that he brought back to the confused world in his poems. To the comfort and spiritual uplift of his writings thousands of men and women and many letters through the years have testified.

This Confused World.

How to live with oneself, how to live with others, the purposes of living in a confused world—these were his thoughts. Only by putting some serious purpose and meaning into one's individual life could one find relief or have dignity in the disturbed world of today.

Max Ehrmann was always an out-door person. He used to say: "I must keep my animal exercised." in his youth it was tennis; then with the slowing years it was golf. In his Journal he wrote: "My recreation now consists of watching sunsets and sunrises, moon-like walks and golf." And finally he was devoted to archery at the

Max Ehrmann Range in Deming. Again from the Journal: December 10, 1935. . . .

"Today when I went out to the archery range everything inside me seemed leaden. But after arching a couple of hours I was renewed. My lungs, liver and heart thanked me for giving them an opportunity to live again decently and naturally. We were a happy lot driving back to town. Now, after a good dinner, all the aggregation of me inside is at peace and ready for sound sleep. I am sure my lungs, heart and liver are not interested in my books. They do not even know that I am an author. But I think they are keenly interested in my mystery."

All this recreation he varied with long walks—often thirty or forty blocks—during which there was opportunity for observing life and talking with his townsmen. "I Ponder on Life" shows of what he was thinking.

Max Ehrmann delighted in good conversation. A wide circle of friends and admirers knew they could depend upon his sincerity and friendly words. He liked people

and wanted to hear their stories. He listened with sympathy and never ceased to marvel over the heroism of daily life. In informal conversation his courtesy could subtly dispel one's preoccupation with trivial matters. He would not descend in his conversation but gave his listeners something to think about. His mind was a reservoir of thought, wide reading, interesting anecdotes and delightful humor. He liked to stir up a discussion but would never argue. "State your truth quietly and clearly, and listen to others; they too have their story." Yet with his good friends and the professors at the college he could indulge in the pleasant barbs of plain speaking.

Max Ehrmann was a cheerful man. He was never cynical or distressed others with his own dark days. "We all are radiant enough

upon the street but the shadows lie inside." His own frequent sadness or deep discouragement he did not inflict upon others but in the pages of his friendly Journal he found relief.

He liked to talk with young people about their plans and ambitions.

He wanted to give them encouragement, for from his own experiences he knew how little their finer ambitions are appreciated and how ill-prepared they are for the actual world. Often he was visited by young men for they knew he would be honest with them. He encouraged them. He encouraged count-

less young people working at uncongenial tasks while stifling their creative energies. He knew the bitterness of that struggle.

Of his interest and affection for elderly men he wrote often in his Journal. From them he wanted to find out what they had gotten from life and with what faiths and beliefs they faced the final days.

August 15, 1934 . . . Journal—"I have tried to find out about life, especially from the writings and conversations of elderly persons. What does this passenger think of the voyage when nearing the end? One thought recurs in these tales: one should be unafraid; one should

not be much distraught by life; one should be little perturbed, take without bitterness what troubles life inflicts, and accept with a grateful mind the gifts she offers. Serenity. The old know that peace, the still soul, has value for life."

As his friends know, Max Ehrmann lived simply and even austere. He never wanted fame or money. He did not care for "things" but if one offered him an idea he was interested. Often he sacrificed his comforts to his beloved work. He shunned publicity. At times life was hard in the "Little Rooms" where he lived but he loved them. His poem "The Tradesman and the Poet" show his inner wealth.

Some Worthy Business.

Max Ehrmann loved life. The contrast between the beauty and abundance of the earth and the marvelous discoveries of science that have so eased man's daily living with the picture of man's stupidity, stumbling through a world that might be beautiful—this contrast filled him with sadness and inspired him to call upon men and women to get about some worthy business of living and service.

Journal: "I would reclaim a little of the heart of man, infuse a bit of gentleness into the stern ethics

of trade, and make life the supreme art instead of acquisition. If I could in a moment of noble elation, write a bit of glorified prose that would soften the stern ways of life, and bring to our fevered days some courage, dignity and poise—I should be well content."

Surely this Max Ehrmann did. He held up a light a little farther ahead of us, dreamed his ideals, lived them and passed them on to

us. He often wrote of the "dreams of his youth," his aspirations to write beautiful books. His poems, dramas and his Journal are beautiful books. They are his message of beauty, serenity and wisdom to this generation.

Journal, September 26, 1936—(midnight) Today is my birthday. There was a notice of the fact in the morning and evening papers. A number of persons took my hand today and wished me well. This evening, a local broadcasting station gave a program of my poems

to musical accompaniment—superbly done. I spoke a few words of gratitude. What would I do without the affection of my fellow townspeople! I have tried several times in younger years to live elsewhere; but always I came back. Time—swift time! The praise of my friends and neighbors here at home has been sweetest to me. It has been a happy day. Dear friends here at home, you will never read this; but in my daily walk I will try to tell you of my gratitude for your affection."

Friends Of Max Ehrmann At Dedication Of Memorial.

Nov 28/49

Friends and associates of the late Max Ehrmann attended ceremonies Sunday afternoon when Mrs. Ehrmann presented Terre Haute and the Swope Art Gallery with a bronze plaque of the poet's "A Prayer."

Nearly 200 persons were present at the gallery. Ehrmann poems were read by Dean J. E. Grinnell of Indiana State Teachers College, Mrs. Clarence Royce and Ernest Alden.

Dr. Harry V. Wann paid tribute to the poet, "his optimism, his faith in the goodness of men, his belief in God, his respect for the views of other people and his hatred of all sham."

Allen D. Albert, director of the gallery, also paid tribute to Mr. Ehrmann in closing the exercises.

Mrs. Ehrmann presented the deed to the plaque jointly to Mayor Ralph Tucker, for the city, and W. T. Turman, president of the board of the art gallery.

The deed of the gift, copies of which were presented to close friends by Mrs. Ehrmann, read:

"As a memorial to Max Ehrmann I have had cast in bronze the text of A Prayer, with which his name promises to be long associated, to be a gift to the city that he loved and the gallery that he had come to regard as embodying the aspirations of the city.

"The bronze I now present to the two institutions — the city of Terre Haute and the Sheldon Swope Art Gallery for display in such position as the officials of the gallery may believe to be appropriate to its message.

"In witness whereof I have executed this deed of gift on this the twenty-seventh day of November, 1949, in the city of Terre Haute, Indiana."

New Edition Of Max Ehrmann Among The Spring Season Books

53/12/50

By Mabel McSee.

Announcement was made Saturday of the publication of "The Wife of Marobius and Other Plays" by Max Ehrmann. This attractive volume, companion to his "Poems," contains four plays, three of which have been previously published. Like "The Poems of Max Ehrmann" issued last winter, this book also is edited by Bertha K. Ehrmann and published by Bruce Humphries of Boston. The preface was written by Mrs. Ehrmann.

The plays include "The Wife of Marobius," "The Light of the Sun," "David and Bathsheba" and "Eternal Male and Female."

The poem, "A Virgin's Dream," the theme of which is the same as that of the plays—the love rights of women—is also included in the volume.

Few have realized the literary versatility of Max Ehrmann—his work included poems, drama ("Jesus, a Passion Play") articles on science in the Yale Review and the Harvard Graduates Magazine and Journal.

These plays of Max Ehrmann deal with the eternal conflict between men and women on their part in the love-life—the conflict between love and passion and conscience with a moral keenly pointed.

The settings are ancient or oriental with a rich grandeur but the characters and themes are eternally modern.

The Buffalo Courier has commented "In the plays of this gifted author there is sincerity, dignity of style, and dramatic power. His style is that of the cultured man of

letters and his work has a freshness and originality of thought that only a well rounded student of literature can produce."

"The Wife of Marobius" brought instant acclaim. Notices of the book include tributes to this play by Claude Bowers, author and ambassador, and critics of leading magazines and newspapers of the country.

Mr. Bowers wrote to Mr. Ehrmann: "With each reading of 'The Wife of Marobius,' the subtlety, the beauty and power of it grows upon me. It is one of the most virile, fascinating dramas I have ever read. The imagery and phrasing are not surpassed in the finest passages of Stephen Phillips and the keen insight into feminine psychology is worthy of D'Annunzio."

William Haversham, well-known actor: "How I should love to play it! I picked it up and started to read it and I never stopped. Then I read it over again and, in my mind, I staged, managed and produced it. Really, it is full of great, great chances."

And the Seattle Times, "The story of 'The Wife of Marobius' is true today and forever."

"David and Bathsheba" is charming both as to settings and characters. The play follows closely the Old Testament story. Drama Magazine found all this charm and said of it, "The finest achievement of Max Ehrmann up to the present is his play 'David and Bathsheba.' Written in the spirit and vernacular of the time, the language breathes the spirit of Hebraic days in all its oriental beauty."

The eternal battle between woman and man is again the theme "Eternal Male and Female." Though it is barbaric in setting and in characters, the language has the smooth beauty of the other three plays. It shows all the careful, almost exquisite choice of words and phrasing that mark every poem, every article, every play by Mr. Ehrmann."

The preface is by Mrs. Ehrmann. The style is charming and reflects the individuality of Mrs. Ehrmann evidenced in her own articles and book. It is a very fitting introduction to Max Ehrmann's book.